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No. 373

A LOVER'S DREAM COME TRUE

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

The roses are blowing to-day in the sun,
Red as a summer's rose can be
Ere the blossom-time of the rose is done,
But a sweeter rose is a-bloom for me.

The roses of your cheek, that is red and sweet;
Oh, my one, sweet love, but your face is fair!
The daisies laugh when they hear your feet,
And see the gold of your sunny hair.

The violets blow in the sun and rain,
Shy little things, but so wondrous sweet,
That we long for the violet-time again
When we know they are dreaming under our feet.

But the sweetest of violets blossom for me
Under the fringe of your drooping lid,
As down in a shadow we often see
The blue of a violet-bloom, half-hid.

There never has been a face so fair,
I think, as the face I see to-day,
Such wonderful glory of golden hair,
Caught from the summers gone away.

Such lip's rich crimson; such tender smiles
That charm my heart till it quite forgets
The world about me, and so beguiles
My thoughts away from all vain regrets.

These little hands that I hold in mine
Have power to quiet the pulse of pain,
And their tender touch is like Lotus wine
While in mine the hands that I love remain.

Oh, my little darling, I dreamed last night,
When the nightingale sang in the falling dew,
That I kissed an angel, all in white,
I kiss you, love, and the dream comes true!

Sowing the Wind;

OR,

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE
HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ORDEAL OF EYES.

WESTWORD was in a pleasant state of waiting expectation and welcome for the coming among its family circle of the supposed Iva Ithamar, and Jocelyne, with a thoughtful refinement of feeling, had decorated the rooms assigned to Iva with flowers and vines rifled from the conservatory, making a very bow of beauty of the elegant little sitting-room, the large bedroom, and the cosy dressing-room, with its bathroom adjoining.

It certainly was the essence of loving, home-like welcome, and Mr. Ithamar watched the girl's proceedings with keen, admiring interest, and thought, with great throbs of pain, how she was fitted to herself beautifully a home—how she glorified him, and how soon she would take her royal, dainty grace to another man's home—Kenneth Richmond's, in all human probability.

Jocelyne paused a moment in her interested task of arranging stenciled flowers in a broad, shallow silver basin, and looked around at him as he stood, leaning against the piano, in the little parlor of Miss Ithamar's suite.

"Do you like it, Guardy? Is the effect good?"

She meant the exquisite contrast of vivid green leaves and white tuberoses, and crimson petaled fuchsias. He looked at her lovely face, as fair as an unsmiled snow-drift, her dusky hair brushed in loose waves off her low forehead, her joyous dancing eyes of darkest, tenderest blue, and answered that the effect was good, with a little smile on his own handsome face at her girlish innocence and ignorance. She went on with her task, with a deft, dainty touch, talking in a light, joyous vein.

"I do hope Miss Ithamar will feel we are so glad she is coming. It seems a little odd that she did not wish you to meet her in New York, doesn't it? Oh, Guardy, what a lovely tuberoses!"

Mr. Ithamar answered, with a glance at his watch.

"Hardly odd, Jocelyne, when you take into consideration the remainder of the long, weary voyage unaccompanied by any one. It is time the carriage was back now; the train was in fifteen minutes ago."

He left his post at the piano, and went down stairs, not thinking so much of any special satisfaction he expected to derive from the coming of the stranger relative, as of the consciousness that he had faithfully performed his duty in making himself the friend and protector of the orphan girl, and of what Jocelyne had said in such gray earnestness, that had shown so plainly her heart was guileless of anything like love for him—of what Jocelyne had said—that he should fall in love with and marry his cousin Iva. And the keen, poignant pain, and repression of a glance that was always with him deepened their pang, as a vision of Jocelyne's beauty and winsome grace passed before him.

The sound of carriage wheels rolling rapidly up the wide drive dissipated the thoughts whose frequency and strength were so pitifully agonizing, and with the chivalrous gallantry and courtesy that made Mr. Ithamar a king among men, he went out on the veranda, and waited, bareheaded, to welcome to her new home the stranger-guest.

He saw the footman assist her down—a faultlessly-attired lady, with a graceful, easy manner, who took an eager survey of him and the surroundings about him, and then smile beneath her double gray veil—a smile he nor no one saw.

It was Rose St. Felix, come to the first crisis of this new life, and although her heart had been almost standing still as the carriage drove rapidly from the Westword station, yet now she arose equal to the emergency of this new, strange position.

She recognized Mr. Ithamar at once, from the photograph of him, and extended her hand as he went up to her.

"Cousin Florian!"

Mr. Ithamar grasped her warmly by the hand—so dainty, so small, so perfectly gloved—and drew her arm through his, and the long, dangerous journey, and the awful accident.

Jocelyne's sympathetic face clouded, and she answered, softly:

"It has all been terrible for you, poor dear. Yes, I don't wonder that you look pale and worn; but, Iva, what I really meant was, I am surprised to find you so beautiful—for you are beautiful. I always imagined Iva Ithamar a rather insignificant, characterless sort of girl—you're not angry, are you?"

Rose smiled.

"Oh, no! Indeed, you quite compliment me. I wonder if my cousin Florian remembers how I looked when I was home last?"

She put the apparently unimportant question with an inward eagerness Jocelyne little imagined as she answered, with an honesty that was like a sword's edge to the anxious woman:



"It is what I enjoy, what I desire, this fair heritage that Iva Ithamar has lost, and what I will gain!"

Westword! I am glad to see you; so glad and thankful to congratulate you on your frightfully narrow escape, and safe arrival. Come in. Jocelyne, Miss Merle, my ward, is waiting to welcome you."

He led her gently along over the marble-floored veranda, through the magnificent hall, and into the little morning room, where Jocelyne had stationed herself.

She came promptly forward as the two entered, and went up to Rose with a warm welcome in eyes and manner.

"My dear Miss Ithamar, I am so glad to see you. May I not kiss you?"

Rose threw back her veil, disclosing her pale, sweet face, from which the dark eyes gleamed like twin lamps—threw it back with a firm hand, and smiled as she bent her lovely head to meet Jocelyne's kiss.

"You are so good, so kind. But from the very first, I want to be simply 'Iva' to you, dear Jocelyne. We are to be sisters, are we not? If you only knew what great rest and happiness it is to be among those who care for me again!"

"We do care for you, Iva, my dear, and Jocelyne shall be your sister. We will make you very well content to have left your adopted home and returned to the land of your birth."

Mr. Ithamar said his words very tenderly, and Jocelyne laughingly took possession of her arm.

"This will never do, Miss—I mean Iva. You must come up stairs to your room, and rest, so you can dress for dinner at seven. We will have lunch in your parlor, and you can have all day to lounge in. Guardy, dear, you have seen to Iva's luggage, haven't you?"

She led the way from the room up the grand staircase where the velvet carpet was deep and soft as woodland moss, past niches in the frescoed walls, where statues and green-gold bronzes, worth a king's ransom, stood in grand array, through the long, wide corridor, hung with pictures between the doors, and into the suite of rooms that had been prepared for her benefit—hers, this fraud, this pretender, this woman who in fleeing from one woe would encounter a worse one.

Jocelyne was so charming in her little attentions, her sweet, dainty hospitality.

"This is such a pleasant room, Iva; it has the sun in the morning, and is cheerful all day long. I do hope you will like it and enjoy many happy hours in it with your music, and birds, and the flowers, and your books."

"It is lovely, Jocelyne, lovely; I know I have you to thank for it. I do thank you; oh, more than I can tell."

Her voice quivered with more emotion than the occasion seemed to warrant, but Jocelyne simply decided she was tired and nervous with her long, exciting journey.

"Let me take off your hat, Iva. You look pale and fatigued. Do you know—?" and she removed the little black felt traveling hat as she spoke, smilingly—"do you know you are not at all the sort of person I imagined you were?"

Rose's heart fairly leaped to her throat, but she controlled her voice admirably.

"Am I not? You expected to see a fresh, blooming girl perhaps, instead of such a pale, worn, begone creature as I? Jocelyne, when you remember poor papa in death, and the long, dangerous journey, and the awful accident."

Jocelyne's sympathetic face clouded, and she answered, softly:

"It has all been terrible for you, poor dear. Yes, I don't wonder that you look pale and worn; but, Iva, what I really meant was, I am surprised to find you so beautiful—for you are beautiful. I always imagined Iva Ithamar a rather insignificant, characterless sort of girl—you're not angry, are you?"

Rose smiled.

"Oh, no! Indeed, you quite compliment me. I wonder if my cousin Florian remembers how I looked when I was home last?"

She put the apparently unimportant question with an inward eagerness Jocelyne little imagined as she answered, with an honesty that was like a sword's edge to the anxious woman:

"Oh, yes; Guardy remembers how you looked. I suppose when you come down into the drawing-room after dinner, you and he will have a delightful chat over old times. Isn't he a splendid fellow? And oh, so good!"

So, Mr. Ithamar remembered, did he? And in all probability would institute questions whose answers would ruin her. Why, why had she not counted the cost more thoroughly before she attempted this thing?

A deathly horror seized her at the awfulness of the undertaking before her, that, reason as she had done, never presented such a certainty of failure as at that moment, when Jocelyne's pure, sweet eyes were watching the increasing pallor on her cheeks with pity and sympathy, never dreaming but that it arose from physical causes.

"I think I had better leave you alone, Iva, for a few hours, and let you rest. I will send you up a cup of tea, and by dinner-time you will feel recovered and strengthened."

She leaned over and kissed the fair, womanly brow, and then left her alone.

The moment the door closed, Rose sprang from her chair in an impulse of nervous excitement, and paced to and fro, with a keen, sudden appreciation of the fact that the crisis was at hand—that upon the interview that was to take place that evening would depend at once and indisputably her future life. So far it was all right, and yet a little thrill of horror seized her when she remembered that even Jocelyne Merle, who had never seen her, had an instinctive idea of some sort of a difference between herself and the real Miss Ithamar. What if Florian Ithamar, who had seen her, who knew her so well, should not be deceived?

She walked through the suite of rooms, so luxuriously furnished, elegant enough for a princess, with slow, thoughtful tread, sipping from a delicate Sevres cup the steaming tea Jocelyne had ordered, and that had the requisite effect in quieting her overstrung nerves.

She walked through, noting every appointment, with the keen appreciation of which she was so capable, looking from the window upon the fair domains of Westword that spread as far as she could see, with its rolling uplands, its dense groves, its level park, its lake, that, glittering in the sunshine, and fringed by low, wooded banks, lay like an opal set in emeralds.

Her heart suddenly swelled with a satisfied pride, and a new, exultant courage.

"It is what I enjoy, what I desire, this fair heritage that Iva Ithamar has lost—through no fault of mine—and what I will gain—what I will gain!"

After that brief trailing of her colors when fairly in sight of the enemy, her excitement and daring partly returned, and she dressed with unusual care to go down to dinner—dressed in a heavy trailing black silk, with no jewelry, and only a spray of jessamine in her lovely golden hair.

She was not perfectly at her ease, though surprisingly lovely, when Jocelyne tapped at her door to escort her down stairs, but she met her with a smile as different from the wan pallor of several hours previously as could well be imagined.

"Guardy said perhaps you had forgotten the route to the dining-room, Iva, and he wished me to escort you down. It is just time. How lovely you are, dear."

Rose could not help smiling at Jocelyne's frank, unselfish admiration, and her heart thrilled proudly as she walked into the dining-room—a magnificent apartment, with floods of brilliant sunlight gleaming on the massive silver, and marble and rosewood buffet, and handsome furniture, and the elegantly-appointed table, and the servants, in the Westword livery.

And yet there was borne upon her some awful invisible weight of fear and woe, as she waited for the one second before Florian Ithamar came forward to meet them; one second into which was crowded an infinity of emotions that almost suffocated her, as she watched Mr. Ithamar cross the room looking closely at her, with keen, earnest eyes, that seemed to her to express his

intuitive knowledge that there was something amiss.

She stood, as if transfixed, in the full flood of gauntlet that revealed every feature, every nerve, every line of her handsomely beautiful figure; her heart throbbing in slow, stifled pulsations. He came up to them with that keen, piercing scrutiny still in his eyes, and a half-puzzled, half-admiring look on his face as he took her hand.

"Pardon my seemingly discourteous curiosity, but my first actual sight of you surprises me beyond expression. Can it be possible you are the same Iva Ithamar I remember as so very different? Can it be possible?"

He laid his hand on her arm—so fair, so white and firm, and looked straight in her eyes.

"And Jocelyne Merle stood by, looking on with smiling face, never dreaming of the horrible fear and desperation in Rose St. Felix's heart."

CHAPTER V.

GOLDEN DREAMS.

CONSCIOUS of the points of actual difference between herself and the real Miss Ithamar, it was a terrible ordeal for the woman who stood there, so fair and perfect in seeming, so false at heart; for with every passing moment of her assumption of the character she was so desperately determined to carry through, she was conscious of a decided drifting from goodness and truth and honesty; for Rose St. Felix, standing there in the flood of brilliant light, with Florian Ithamar's hand on her arm, his close, intense scrutiny of her face, it was the most deadly, horrible moment of her life. In spite of her, her defiant determination not to fail, a cold, horrible horror seized her that she could not control, and she averted her eyes in a despair of fear, from Florian Ithamar's face, which, to her own conscious gaze, seemed eloquent of his horror and indignation at the fraud being perpetrated.

It was only one second—it seemed an eternity—that it lasted, this fearful ordeal, and then there was a quiver of kindly sympathy in Mr. Ithamar's next words—kindly, tender sympathy, because her shivering, the averting of her face, her exceeding paleness, which had not escaped him, made him believe the agitation of her home coming, the natural emotion of the occasion, had caused them.

"I can see now that you have not changed so very much, Iva, but so very decidedly for the better that I must congratulate you. You look like your mother did when she was your age."

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost as intense as the first keen horror; but there rushed over Rose such a torrent of wild thanksgiving, such a mad ecstasy of relief, that it required all her self-control to keep herself in bounds. As it was, she lent herself to the task so entirely that her success was complete.

"I feel greatly changed, cousin Florian—the years and the life we led in South America, and papa's death make me feel very old. Time has dealt very gently with you; you are not a day older in seeming."

They were sitting at the table now, and Jocelyne was doing the honors with her sweet, graceful dignity.

Mr. Ithamar smiled at Rose's speech.

"I am flattered that you remember me at all, Iva."

She was looking at him earnestly, thinking what a glorious heritage of beauty his was, and wondering, with a glance at Jocelyne Merle, whether or not the two were lovers.

The dinner progressed pleasantly, and the trio laughed their low, well-bred laughter, and chatted in low, well-bred tones, and the lights gleamed and the fire sparkled, and the wine glimmered in the tiny glasses, and Rose St. Felix was at her ease, and ate and drank and enchanted the two whom her grace and wit and beauty had so well won.

After dessert, while Ithamar lingered over his walnuts, and solitary small glass of port, the two ladies went to the drawing-room, where

Jocelyne played on the grand piano, and which she had not been permitted by Rose to leave when Mr. Ithamar entered.

"You improve every day, I think, Jocelyne. I wish you would sing for Iva and I—that little German ballad 'The Floweret.'"

Jocelyne laughed and vacated the stool.

"No, thank you, Guardy! You surely forget what a contrast I would make to Iva's singing—have you forgotten what a magnificent voice she has—at least according to letters from her papa?"

She turned her face toward Rose, and Mr. Ithamar instantly went toward her.

"I beg your pardon, but it had escaped me that your father had so often spoken of the magnificent promise of your voice. I am very anxious to hear it—indeed I remember being charmed by it when you were but a mere child. I am more than anxious to hear you again."

A sense of confusion seized Rose, a sense of peril and dismay that was almost a panic. She had read in Iva Ithamar's letters, and copies of letters, and in her diaries, of the wonderfulness of her voice which charmed all who heard it; she remembered how the girl had rejoiced in her splendid talent so genuinely, but it had entirely escaped her until this moment.

If it had been possible to have evaded the question she would have done so; but it had come upon her so suddenly she was entirely unprepared to parry it, and as helplessly capable of acquiescing, for she never had sung a note in her life!

Suddenly she raised her eyes to Mr. Ithamar, and it was marvelous how it expressed mournful grief and passionate pain.

"I have never sung a line since papa died—we were so happy together over my music—and it was so different and lonely afterward—and I lost my voice, cousin Florian; I lost my lovely voice—and—"

Jocelyne was all tender, loving sympathy, and pressed Rose's hand kindly. Mr. Ithamar's face expressed his own pity and commiseration.

"Poor child! Never mind, Iva, we will do what we can to restore it—how deeply you must have grieved for my uncle!"

Rose compressed her lips resolutely, as if to restrain emotion that would surge too wildly if allowed the least liberty; and Mr. Ithamar saw the apparent self-control and admired her for it.

"Shall we come and sit near the fire, Guardy?" It always is so cozy beside a grate fire, and we must make Iva as happy and comfortable as we can."

So they drew their low, easy chairs in a little semi-circle before the bright sea-coal fire, and then Rose delighted them and surprised even herself, by her accurate information, and completely satisfied all the inquiries put to her by Mr. Ithamar, in his genuine desire for news from abroad, or by Jocelyne in her pretty, girlish curiosity.

She was charmingly entertaining, well-read, and intelligent in the diffusion of what she knew, and the evening in the drawing-room tended to strengthen the cords of love so ready to be strengthened by Mr. Ithamar and Jocelyne, which should bind Rose to them, even as it strengthened, on Rose St. Felix's side, the determination to never abandon the path she was in.

It was an inspiration—a glorious fate that pointed out this way in which Iva was walking—nothing less than the very kindest suggestion of destiny that induced me to exchange places and identities with that dead girl. She loses nothing—and I shall gain, not only the rest and relief I desire, the immunity from misery from him, but—"

Her eyes roved around the magnificent apartment as she gazed untrammelled rein to her thoughts, her eyes sparkling with excitement and eagerness, until the blighting memory of the handsome face and tall, graceful figure she had almost met eyes to eyes at the hotel entrance, came like an appalling horror over her, making her lips turn pallid blue, and her fingers to close over themselves in a spasmodic clutch.

Mr. Ithamar was gazing straight ahead into the golden tongues of the fire, an expression of grave care and thoughtfulness on his face; Jocelyne was leaning her dainty head on her hand, and slowly, thoughtfully turning the pages of an illuminated book that lay on a low table of malachite at her elbow. Conversation seemed to flag for a moment, and in that moment Rose St. Felix gave herself up to the flood of thoughts that rushed, a wordless array, through her brain.

"I will not fear him ever again! I am as absolutely safe here, under the roof of Westword, as though I were really where he expects I am, in my grave! I will put all that old life forever away, and add to my bold daring in playing this, all the cunning and ingenuity I possess, and with every moment I feel my power of evil strengthening, and my desire for the right failing! I feel an intense craving for the life before me—the excitement, the danger, the luxury, the position that will be accorded me. As Florian Ithamar's relative, and an heiress in my own right, as the friend and companion of Miss Merle, I am impregnable fortified in my tower of safety and strength. But I wonder what they would think if they once suspected I am an impostor? And yet I believe they would prefer me to the genuine, harmless, characterless girl whom I represent!"

A slow smile gathered on her face—a smile of almost rejoicing in the evil to which she had surrendered—a smile of satisfaction at the lie she was living; and that slow, strange, brilliant smile told plainer than all words how this fair, beautiful woman was deserting the standard of honor and truth; how, from the possibly pardonable sin of desiring to fly from woe unendurable, her motive was changing into desire for to retain her hold on all these good things for their own sake, already.

Of a truth, she was a living proof of the pitiful fact that the incline of the downward road is of the steepest—that, once human feet set therein, especially a woman's feet deliberately set therein, there is little hope of return, not only because of the dreadful difficulties to overcome in retracing lost ground, but because of the deceitful alluringness of the rose-banked abysses themselves.

From under her long, drooping lashes, that seemed to lay like silky ebony curves on her ivory cheeks, she looked around her, dwelling on every magnificent detail of the room, whose luxury and elegance were in such perfect uni-

"My dear Iva, welcome home! Welcome to

son with her refined tastes; at the well-bred, haughty, gracious presence of Mr. Ithamar and fair Jocelyne Merle, in whose society she was at such perfect ease; at the reflection of herself from a dozen mirrors set in the walls between exquisite, draped windows—at the reflection of a gloriously beautiful woman, with marble-pale face as artistic in its outlines as a Greek cameo, with a glory of lustrous golden hair, and eyes full of shimmering fire, now partly veiled by blue-veined, silk-fringed lashes—and she smiled again, this time with a startling increase of what was almost unscrupulousness, that certainly was expected, boldly daring.

"I never expected all this—never dreamed I was coming to such grand luxury, such royal magnificence. I like it—I like it so well; and to retain it all my life I have only to be on my guard, and fear nothing—and, from my careful study of the dead girl's diaries and letters, I am positive I will play my part to the life!"

A servant entered that moment with a card on a silver salver for Mr. Ithamar, and the temporary lapse into quiet was at an end.

"It is your friend Kenneth, Jocelyne. Show Mr. Richmond in, Walt."

And there came just the tiniest show of girlish confusion in Jocelyne's face as Kenneth Richmond came in the room.

CHAPTER VI. WHO WAS HE?

MR. KENNETH RICHMOND came forward with the air of a man who feels thoroughly at home and equally assured of a warm welcome.

He shook hands with Jocelyne and Mr. Ithamar, and had found time to cast a glance of admiration on Rose's beautiful face before Mr. Ithamar introduced him.

"Iva, allow me to present Mr. Richmond, a friend of Jocelyne and myself."

"He is my cousin, Miss Ithamar, whom, with us, you have been anxious to welcome home."

He bowed courteously, and Rose extended her hand in a pretty impulse of friendliness.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Richmond, and you will let me thank you for having been anxious to welcome me."

"I should have been impatient if I had known of what we have been deprived," Mr. Richmond returned, gallantly, and then he took a seat near Jocelyne, just where the ruddy glow of the fire-light fell on him, giving an ample opportunity for the close scrutiny of him in which Rose indulged between pauses in the light, pleasant conversation.

Kenneth Richmond was a tall, gentlemanly man, wearing an habitual air of easy grace and haughty languor that betokened his familiarity with good society. He was not a young man—Rose decided he must be thirty-five, at least—and in reality he was ten years older, but really looked even younger than Rose gave him credit for looking. He was of a dark complexion, almost olive, with which his dark, curling, short-cut hair, his heavy, glossy, drooping mustache of intense blackness, his handsome eyes, soft and velvety in expression, excessively dark, and looking like Italian eyes, gave a harmony that made people pronounce Kenneth Richmond an exceedingly distinguished gentleman, whose handsome personal appearance, added to his winning elegance of manner, rendered him popular and sought after, while it was remarked upon as a little strange that he was still unmarried, when it was so well known that very few ladies would have refused him.

He himself laughed and joked over his celibacy, declaring he had never found any one who would take pity upon him and release him from his chains of bachelorhood. In reality, he had had a dozen loves in his life, and his fickleness in tiring of them was only equalled by his susceptibility in becoming infatuated, while he still was determined that when the superior chance of his life presented itself, neither the want of susceptibility, if it were necessary, necessary, or the presence of fickleness, if it were present, he would not be slow in accepting it—and it seemed to him, and had for some time seemed to him, that in Jocelyne Merle that long looked for opportunity had offered itself.

He was an intimate acquaintance of the family at Westwood, and yet, Mr. Ithamar hardly felt justified in calling him a warm friend; his intimacy with them had been of too short duration to permit of Mr. Ithamar's warm courtesy to develop into that grand, beautiful relation—close friendship between man and man.

Six months before, Mr. Kenneth Richmond had come to the vicinity of Westwood, with his reputation preceding and accompanying him, although no one knew exactly how, and he had established himself most luxuriously in a little nest of a house—"Sunset Hill" it had always been called—a miniature palace so far as costly magnificence and elegant luxury went.

Mr. Richmond kept a full corps of foreign servants, had his horses and his dogs, gave occasional grand dinners, and was feted and courted to his heart's content by the very exclusive society he frequented.

And little Jocelyne Merle was deeply interested in him—in his handsome face, his elegant manners, his charm of conversation, and away down in her girlish heart was the vague consciousness of a deeper feeling still, that, although scarcely budded as yet, would require only a little time and attention to bloom into the fully-expanded flower of love.

Rose St. Felix read it all within an hour after she had seen the actors in this drama; and she was chronicling—read the curious complication, wherein Jocelyne Merle was the idol of the two men who watched her sweet, glowing face, and hung on every light word—a gay ripple of laughing joyousness from her lips.

And she saw, besides, that Kenneth Richmond was not worthy to be named in the same lifetime with Florian Ithamar; she saw, with that keen intuition of hers, that is so essentially a womanly charm, that the girl who had never seen, and what Mr. Ithamar had only been vaguely conscious of, without knowing why, or without actually knowing he was so conscious of it—that Kenneth Richmond was not worthy to be named in the same lifetime with Florian Ithamar; she saw, with that keen intuition of hers, that is so essentially a womanly charm, that the girl who had never seen, and what Mr. Ithamar had only been vaguely conscious of, without knowing why, or without actually knowing he was so conscious of it—that Kenneth Richmond was not worthy to be named in the same lifetime with Florian Ithamar.

She listened to his low, well-bred tones as he conversed so intelligently and fascinatingly; she watched his passionate admiration of Jocelyne; she saw Florian Ithamar's grave, restrained manners, his calm, high-bred face, and the whole secret of their lives lay spread before her as plainly as if a panorama were unrolled.

And the genuine Iva Ithamar had been in love with this cousin of hers—this gentleman who evidently had never given a thought to her of a corresponding nature. Rose knew both facts from her careful study of the diaries, and a little smile parted her lips as she thought what a fool a woman was to keep a diary!

She looked still more critically at Mr. Ithamar than she had yet done, taking in between lulls in conversation, every detail of the god-like face, the grandness of his proportions, the majesty of his bearing, and she was impressed very strongly, very suddenly, yet almost unconsciously, with her admiration of him.

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life! How foolish, how foolish Jocelyne is that she does not care for him instead of Mr. Richmond!"

The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly, and at eleven o'clock Mr. Richmond took his leave, and the little household separated for the night, Jocelyne kissing Rose affectionately, and Mr. Ithamar bidding them both good-night kindly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 372.)

A PARISIAN has invented a method of sending photographs by telegraph. He undertook to send the face of an American lightning rod agent the other day, and it knocked down one hundred and forty-four telegraph poles and tore down seventeen miles of wire before it was on the road the shortest half of a second.

HURRAH for the NEXT THAT DIES!

[The following remarkable poem appeared originally, it is believed, in the *St. Helena Magazine*, and was afterward copied in the London *Spektator* and other journals. It will be new to most readers. It relates to the early service of English officers in India when the army was moved down by pestilence. One Macanay's account of the effects of the small-pox in England is remembered—as it describes the separation of mothers, sisters and lovers—it will be seen that this poem gives with wonderful, however painful, effect the very poetry of military despair, the brothers-in-arms looking death in the face—a death predestined by pestilence—and with the duty which forces him to face disaster. The almost inhuman character of the refrain of each verse is only illustrative of the certainty of the doom that awaits them, by exhibiting the depth of reckless revelry in which they sought to steel their senses against it.]

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around us are bare;
As they shout to our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink to our comrades' eyes;
A cup to our dead already;
And, hurrah! for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing;
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall your pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkens;
Not a tear for the friends that sink!
We fall midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis that the respite buys;
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others;
We thought we were wiser than;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,
Who hoped to see them again!
Not stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless are here—the wise;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking;
There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll turn to the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing;
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And the does the wine-cup's feeling
Turn-ace in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies!

Who dreams to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shroud,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall be found?
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a place of lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
While the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind!
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already;
And, hurrah! for the next that dies!

"This is a warning; death lies before us; yet we must face it."

The Cretan spoke in deep, earnest tones, and Paul felt that his whole nature was inbred with the idea of the supernatural, and so he refrained from argument.

"It certainly is mysterious; but let us go on through the ruin. Perhaps we may find those who will meet our scimitars with scimitar."

"Yes, we will continue our search. Come."

Again Julian Delos led the way, and the two pressed on through the moonlit ruin—pressed on, until the mournful dirge of the ever-restless surf again smote their ears, as they neared the sea front.

Then the two suddenly halted—almost frozen in their tracks before.

Half in the shadow of a crumbling archway, half in the streaming moonlight, lay the form of a man at full length.

By his side, her body bent, her head drooped until the dark waves of her hair fell upon the prostrate form, and marble flooring, knelt a maiden—so overwhelmed with the anguish clutching at her heart that she failed to hear the approach of strangers.

For some moments, and in silence, the two stood regarding the scene before them, and the mystery which the old ruin had revealed.

Yet, in their thoughts, they knew that before them lay him whom they had seen fall before the attack of an enemy; but that enemy was a tall and powerful man—their glasses had plainly revealed this much; who then was this maiden?

At length, as a shudder shook the fair form, and a low moan broke from the lips, Julian Delos said softly in the language of the Greek; "Lady!"

With a bound the maiden was upon her feet, her eyes flashing fire, her form drawn to its full height, and her hand upon a jeweled dagger in her sheath, while her whole attitude was that of one who would dare punish the impious man who had thus intruded upon the sanctity of her grief.

CHAPTER XIII.
PAUL MALVERN'S ENCOUNTER.

FOR full an instant the surprised and startled maiden stood, facing those who had thus interrupted her grief, and the streaming moonlight displayed her superb form, beautiful face and aristocratic bearing.

"Fardon, lady. We meant not to intrude on your sorrow. Do you mourn for the dead?" and the voice of Julian Delos was strangely soft and sympathetic—softer than Paul had ever heard it before.

"Yes, signor, I mourn the dead—my father—struck down by the hand of an assassin; but he shall rue that ever his scimitar was stained with the blood of El Estin."

"Julian Delos—the Cretan! Holy Heaven," and Julian Delos bounded forward and knelt beside the prostrate form.

"Yes, it is the noble friend of my youth. Lady, from my inmost heart I pity you. I came hither to meet your father, and I find him dead! Oh! this is terrible," and the voice of the young Cretan trembled with emotion.

Before them, believing them strangers, Kaloolah had been cold as marble, stern as a warrior; but now her fortitude broke down, and throwing herself upon the form of her slain father, she burst into a torrent of tears.

In silence Julian and Paul stood for a few moments, and then the former bent over and gently raised her up, saying softly:

"Lady, this is not a fitting place for you; your home is not far away; allow me to escort you thither, while my friend here calls my seamen to help him in his poor father's boat; but who has done this foul deed?"

Instantly the drooping form was raised, and the eyes flashed fire through the pearly tears, while the face grew stern once more.

"One whom I will see die—a hated Turk," she said, and then she placed her hand on the deck of the vessel; we hastened here fearing that some deed of violence had been done.

"You are Julian Delos?"

"Yes, how know you that, lady?"

"My father has for long years sought this spot at night; he came hither this afternoon, and here I sought him an hour since, for he has been strangely moody and mournful of late. I came and found him dying—dying from a blow from a Turk?"

"You mean his assassin, lady?"

"Yes, but I was in time to see him die, to hear his last words, and learn from his lips that a vessel was expected off this point, loaded with arms and stores for my countrymen in their struggle

"Yes, for your sweet sake, Zuleikah." There was a sound resembling a kiss, and Paul Malvern hastily left the cabin, to find, upon his arrival on deck, the yacht lying to, and two boats, filled with armed men, alongside.

A moment after Julian Delos joined him, and entering the boats, the order was given in a low tone to give way.

The keels of the barges grated harshly upon the beach, and the two officers sprang ashore, followed by the men.

"Lads, conceal yourselves here. If I need you, I shall call with my whistle," and Julian pointed to a gold whistle on the handle of a dirk in his belt.

Then the two friends set out slowly for the ruin.

It was a long and arduous climb up the steep hillside, for the Cretan would not go up the direct pathway, wishing to approach the ruin from the land side, in case of an ambush awaiting them from any one who had seen their landing.

Around them all was silent—the roar of the surf alone breaking the stillness of the night.

So light were their footfalls, as they went along, that they seemed to glide, rather than walk.

At length they approached the summit of the hill, and before them loomed grandly up the massive ruin, in all its moonlit beauty—every arch, turret and column standing out in bold relief against the silvery sky.

Here they paused to listen; but all was still; a silence like death reigned upon the scene.

Nearer and nearer they crept to the crumbling pile, and at length stood in the shadow of the structure, and glanced within the grass-grown court, upon the weed and moss-covered walls.

There was but a dim light within; the moonlight did not penetrate through every archway.

Here they paused, almost uncertain what to do—awed by the deathlike silence—the memories of bygone centuries that crowded upon them.

Then, as their eyes peered into the dim obscurity, there suddenly flitted before them a spectral form—a gliding form, clad in snow-white.

Julian Delos started, strained his eyes, and, as he turned to see if it was a phantom conjured in his own brain by the surrounding gloom, he saw Paul Malvern's eyes were staring also at the weird being.

"It is a specter—good God!" whispered the Cretan, whose nature was not wholly free from the inbred superstitions of his race.

Paul Malvern's reply was to bound forward, scimitar in hand, wrenching himself loose from the clutch of Julian upon his arm, and unheeding his wildly spoken:

"Holy Heaven! do not dare!"

A few quick, long leaps carried Paul to the spot where had stood the white-robed being. But, like mist, or a spirit from the land beyond the grave, she had disappeared.

He glanced around him, and, undaunted by her mysterious disappearance, darted into every shadowed nook, every dark crevice; but nowhere was the being visible; it had faded like the air—gone like smoke from the view.

Surprised, and unable to solve the mystery, Paul at length paused in his search, just as Julian Delos stood by his side.

"Come; you are mad to thus tempt the spirit of this ruin. For years this place has been known to be haunted, and none come hither. Had I not beheld, with my own sight, the phantom, I would never have believed the word of others."

"This is a warning; death lies before us; yet we must face it."

The Cretan spoke in deep, earnest tones, and Paul felt that his whole nature was inbred with the idea of the supernatural, and so he refrained from argument.

"It certainly is mysterious; but let us go on through the ruin. Perhaps we may find those who will meet our scimitars with scimitar."

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CHAPTER XIV.
A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

WHEN a man's life is in deadly peril the brain becomes startlingly active, and one thinks with lightning rapidity, not only recalling vividly the scenes of a past life, but also taking advantage of every means of warding off the death-blow, and at the same time casting one look into the uncertain future—a glance of wonder as to where the soul will take its flight, if it should be torn ruthlessly from its earthly casket.

Thus it was with Paul Malvern.

He had been in deadly danger many times in life, and death he did not fear; still, such a death had horrors for him that none others could, and he exerted his enormous strength to its utmost, to hurl from him his demoniacal adversary.

But he was in the hands of a giant—one who knew his own power, and as if reveling in his death to kill, the deformed creature kept his knees upon his fallen enemy, while he held the gleaming knife aloft, preparing to let it descend in search of life.

Paul thought rapidly; he felt that he could not free himself from the clutch of his foe; he knew that he had been the assailant, and he did not wish to take the life of the strange being.

In his sash was his revolver, and his hand was upon the butt; yet he did not wish to startle the silence of that old ruin, and perhaps draw attention to it by a pistol-shot.

He felt that his antagonist was only gloating over his power to kill him—enjoying the prelude of what he intended making a deadly performance.

Yet he would make one more trial; he would speak to him—endeavor to bring him to terms.

Speaking in the Greek tongue, which he knew passably well, he said:

"Why seek you my life?"

against the infidel. Also, he told me, that Julian Delos, an exile from Crete, would command the vessel; and you are Julian Delos?"

"I am, lady, and this is my friend—an American, Paul Malvern by name, and now an officer in the service of Crete; one who has already done noble work for our beloved island."

The eyes of Kaloolah turned quickly upon Paul. Before, she had scarcely noticed his presence, and she seemed struck with his splendid appearance, and extending her hand said with outspoken frankness:

"God bless you, signor, for your nobleness; let us be friends."

Paul grasped the tiny hand, and bent low, while he replied:

"I am honored, lady, by your friendship; but now let Captain Delos see you to your home, and I will bring the—your father."

"Thank you, signor, no; I will go with my poor father's body; nay, you must not be seen in this neighborhood; I will return to my home and bring servants to bear my poor, poor father thither."

"You are right, lady; our coming hither is a matter for the greatest secrecy. We will remain concealed until after your servants have removed your father; then I will see you, for, as my friend El Estin is no more, I have no ally to aid me, and must seek some one else."

"Signor Delos, my father told me all. I will secure for you one who will bear to General Aztec the news of your arrival. In the meantime you can be unloading your vessel, and the stores may be placed in this ruin, where none, not even a Turk, would intrude—see! At the base of this cliff your vessel can lie in safety, and be shielded from view at every point. Return to your vessel, and come hither within an hour, and I will meet you."

"Malvern, I do not like to leave the dead here alone," said Julian, thoughtfully, as Kaloolah disappeared.

"No; I will remain, and when I hear the party returning for the body, I will conceal myself. In the meantime, you can return to the schooner and get all ready for our work, which will take us until daylight."

"You are right. But I dislike to leave you. Remember this old ruin has a weird reputation far and wide. You know we ourselves believe in it."

"Have no fears, captain. I dread the earthly more than the unearthly, I assure you. If I need aid, I will call you."

"Do so. I will at once tow the schooner in close to the cliff."

So saying, Julian walked rapidly away, and descended the path leading to the beach below, where he had left his boat.

For some moments Paul Malvern paced to and fro, and then pausing leant against the archway, at the base of which lay the dead Cretan.

Suddenly he started. A hollow, mocking laugh greeted his ears. It came from within the ruin.

Paul Malvern knew no fear—he held no superstition—he was strangely moved by that weird laughter.

But by an effort of his mighty will, nerving himself to meet any danger, he glided quickly into the deeper recesses of the ruin, and concealed himself behind a heavy column.

Hardly had he taken up his position, when there sprang into the moonlight a being so supernatural looking, so startlingly human and inhuman, that he was almost spell-bound.

It was a human form, he beheld at a glance; but so distorted, so deformed as to be more dreadful than the face of a demon.

The head was immense, and as black as ebony; the eyes sparkling like diamonds, and exceedingly small; the nose flat, the ears long, and the mouth ludicrously large, grinning and terrible.

The shoulders were broad, with a hump upon the back, and arms of wonderful length, armed with great claws, rather than hands.

The body was short, stout, and the legs crooked, it seemed.

This strange-looking being was clad in snow-white clothing, fitting his form closely, and his immense head was surmounted by a snowy turban.

As the moonlight fell full upon him, Paul could readily discern all his remarkable peculiarities; for he was not ten paces from him, and he was glad to see that he was apparently unarmed.

At once his decision was taken. He would make him prisoner, if in his power.

For an instant the strange being stood as still as a statue, and then his small eyes glittered as he turned them upon the moonlight.

Then from his huge mouth broke forth the same diabolical laughter which Paul had before heard.

Wildly he flung his arms about his head, and then began a dance in a slow, monotonous step, keeping his eyes fixed upon the moon, and muttering forth an unintelligible chant, in time with the movements of his hands and feet.

Preparing himself for the contest, bring it with him, Paul bounded like a tiger from his lair, and seized the frightened being ere he could dart away.

But once in the clutch of his enemy, the strange creature uttered a cry of commingled rage and terror, and threw his arms with herculean strength around Paul, who was surprised at his wonderful strength.

A powerful man himself, and one who had seldom met his equal, Paul Malvern felt that he was a mere child in the hands of his huge adversary, who hurled him to the ground with stunning force, placed his body knee upon his heart, and drew from beneath the folds of his white jacket a long, glittering knife.

The eyes of the strange creature were now aflame with fury; his white teeth glittered through his dark lips, and he was upon his dark lips.

He was a very picture of a madened devil, and Paul Malvern felt that his life hung in a slender balance. Did he not at once take the life of his deformed antagonist, he knew that he must himself die, and within the moment.

CHAPTER XV.
ZULEIKAH FINDS A FRIEND.

THE real amazement depicted upon Paul's face at once convinced Kaloolah he had spoken the truth—that he knew not what had become of the body of her father.

"Forgive me, signor. I believed you had deceived me—that for some reason, you would keep from me, that you had removed him. Oh, God! where can his poor bleeding form be?"

"Lady, I am wholly at a loss to tell. Strange things have happened in this old ruin to-night, and—"

Had here comes the Signor Delos."

As Paul spoke Julian dashed up, breathless from his rapid run, and with drawn scimitar in hand.

Behind him came a scattered file of brave seamen, also ready to meet a foe, should any confront them.

"Malvern, what is it? I first heard a wild shriek, and then your call."

"I will tell you, signor; the body of El Estin has been mysteriously removed."

"Come! It cannot be. You were here, and—"

"A part of the time. Lady Kaloolah returned alone, and it was her shriek brought me here from another part of the ruin. She found her father's body gone, and swooned away—thus I found her."

"There is some inexplicable mystery in all this; but, lady, where are your servants?"

That was the last evening I spent with Bob, and instead of blaming him, after seeing her, I heartily envied and congratulated him.



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Elsewhere is an item concerning one of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' books, in BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS SERIES.

As "Myra" is no better than the majority of these novels it ought to teach the editor who flings flippant paragraphs at "Dime Novels" not to make a fool of himself, but it is so hard to teach Verdant Green the impropriety of writing of books of whose real character he is wholly ignorant.

The books in the BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS SERIES come from the pens of the most reputable American authors, and as each and every volume was written expressly for the series, each and every one has been a success in the best sense, having large sales and marked popularity among an intelligent and by no means uncritical audience.

There are "ten cent" books that are not reputable, just as there are weekly papers that are trashy and sensational, and daily papers that are everything but desirable for family reading; but to characterize all cheap books and papers offensively for the offenses of the really offensive is equally stupid, ungenerous and mean, be the censor ever so wise in his own conceit.

Sunshine Papers.

"A Man May Smile, and Smile—"

AND be a villain." Very true. And it never was truer in Denmark than it is in any other portion of this mundane sphere. It is the same all over the world; smiles are but too often the gilding that hides dark thoughts and evil purposes. A man may smile like an angel and yet have the heart of a fiend. He may possess the manners of a courtier and be a professional blackleg. He may speak in the softest tones and use the gentlest words and develop the cruelty of a Nero. Soft tones, and gentle speech, and courtly manners, and angelic smiles are not a correct index of character. You must look behind these, for principles and deeds.

Not that we would lower the standard of worth by which these pleasant tricks of personages should be estimated. Pleasant address, charming manners, sweet smiles are wonderfully fascinating. Even a scoundrel, if we are forced to come in contact with him, is more agreeable to meet if his manners be polished than if he be a common scamp, and I'm not sure but that a burglar in the house, who would greet one with courtly manners, would seem less repulsive and criminal than a man of rough speech. And in as far as smiles soften the asperities of life let them not be bestowed charily, but because of the very power they possess of blinding the judgment let us beware how we put trust in them. Yes, smiles and

smiles may yet not hide the villain. Let not the man who studies the modulations of his tones, and knows how to thrill beholders with his glance, and practices his smiles before his mirror, lay to his soul the flattering unctious lie that shall by these wiles escape detection as to his real self. The mask will surely drop some day; his smiles cannot save him from merited contempt and just punishment.

Maidens, you who are easily lured by flattering words and gentle looks, seek for surer proof of the manly soul than is found in such pretty gloss of manner. Think well before you treat some honest, worthy man with cool contempt, to cast your heart at the shrine of him whose tailor's skill, and dancing-master's teachings, and melting smiles, have won your affections. Remember that the graces and glances which flattered your taste and captivated your passion cannot avail long to render you happy or proud of their owner, if he be a libertine, a thief or a drunkard. And it is not seldom that such men do masquerade in good society under a domino of exquisite manners and engaging smiles. And it is the young who are oftenest deceived by these wily wretches, that seem to proclaim their owners possessed of sterling worth and all the cardinal virtues; and, perhaps, at least with most fatality, the young of the gentler sex whose faith in them is strongest, and whose judgment is oftenest thus dazzled and perverted. Too often, with a maiden, the smile of a stranger is enough to ingratiate him into favor. She will not believe that appearances can deceive her; that any man who is so courteously deferential and so handsome can be unworthy her regard; that such a sweet smile can wreath itself about lips that shall plot her ruin; and sometimes the lesson that a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain is learned through very bitter teachings.

A young girl was introduced, by a casual acquaintance, to a gentleman of noble appearance, handsome face and courtly manners. He occupied a government office, and seemed all that was desirable as to associates and social standing. His manners were an epitome of deference and regard, and the girl was not long in giving her whole heart to this most polished gentleman. Though he had met her but a few times, and all of those by evident accident, he begged her to marry him and accompany him to Europe. This she refused to do, and undeniably, but plighted her troth to him and for two years was loyally devoted to her absent lover. Then he returned, and sent for her. She met him, and fully believed in his promise to openly ask her hand of her parents; but, in less than a week, she read in the daily papers that he was confined in prison for a theft amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars. The agony of remorse, wounded love, and shame, which the young lady endured was terrible. She felt keenly her disgrace that the man whose courtly manners, and tender smiles, had won her heart was but a daring thief. "To think that splendid man, with his refined and polished manners, noble form, glorious brow, and heavenly smile, should be only a thief!" she said. "But, oh! his smile, his smile! I shall remember it as long as I live!"

And while I think of him, his aristocratic white hands employed in convict labor, I repeat that smiles are no index of a person's character. A man may smile like a seraph and yet not escape being put to breaking stones for the public good.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MATRIMONIAL BICKERINGS.

A FRIEND of mine hands me the following paragraph—cut from a newspaper—and asks me to give my opinion of it:

"On a floor in a Danbury home lies a little pile of sewing. Five months ago the head of the house spread a child's body on the floor, and laid it out to the floor the sewing that lay upon it. His wife asked him to pick it up. He said he wouldn't do it. She told him that as he had thrown it there it could remain there until he got ready to pick it up. She would never touch it. And there it remains, a memorial to individual spirit and unity!"

Well, I have read it over several times and have come to the conclusion that I haven't much opinion about it, and—were I a person less inclined to comment on what I have to say—the whole affair might come under the plain head of "folly." But, you see, I am just the person to make comments, and when I have a good subject to comment upon how can I help doing so?

In the first place, it seems difficult to understand which of the two was most to blame. Brother Tom says, "Toss up a cent and see." I shall do nothing of the kind. If my honest judgment cannot tell me I shall leave the matter alone. (Tom laughs to himself as though he thought I hadn't any judgment.) I think the man was very wrong to "dump" the sewing on the floor, but I think he was more wrong not to pick it up again; he did the injury, and it was his place to repair the wrong.

But as he *didn't* and *wouldn't*, then, I think his wife should have shown that she was really the "better half" and stooped to pick it up.

Would I have done so? My dear friend, I'm not telling you what I would have done but what *ought* to have been done. Do you believe this couple would have so acted in their courtship days? Do you believe he or she would have thought anything too hard to do to please the other? Can they ever have any remembrance of the time when they would have suffered anything in order to spare the other any annoyance or pain? Is the time so far back when the one was willing to give way to the whim or caprice of the other? Are those halcyon days all forgotten and buried with the dead past?

Were they once remembered, I believe that that pile of sewing would not have remained there to this day. Each would have been only too eager to remove it from their sight.

What an eyecore that pile of sewing must be as they enter the room where it lies! Don't you suppose that, when they enter that room, they feel as if they had acted in a silly and foolish manner, and that their conduct has been contemptible? Don't you suppose that each would like to rush for that sewing? yet each wishes to see how long the other is able to hold out. You may think them spirited, I think them stubborn.

But if I think the husband to blame, why don't I advocate that he should be the one to "give in"? Because, if he will not "give in," she should do so. You don't see why? Maybe she has been at fault, some time, and, all unwilling to acknowledge it, he has been the one to say that he was to blame, all the while knowing that such was not the case. Should the concession be all on one side? I think not. As long as the world lasts, so long will there be bickering, and some one has to be in the wrong, and some one has to submit to others' dictation and selfishness.

But these bickerings among married people! Are they not fearful to contemplate? Wonder not that lovers are so fond of each other, yet we do wonder why this self-sacrificing love is left among the love-days, and not

carried into the whole period of wedded life. You may tell me that courtship is like a pleasant dream and matrimony is like a practical reality. It is a change of life, yet the husband or wife should not sink the lover in the new relation. I don't mean to insinuate that they are to utter soft nonsense, such as they used in courtship days, but they can love each other with as strong and fervent a love, and they should do so.

Almost all the little bickerings that come into married life are caused by just such foolish trifles as the incident I have quoted at the commencement of this essay, and because persons are so stubborn they will not acknowledge they are in the wrong, and thus they make wedded life an unhappiness instead of a blessing, and hearts despond that might be happy because this stubbornness is not kept under subjection.

A well known author says, "When a man truly loves a woman, it is his sole aim to do all in his power to make her happy," and I add that the woman who truly loves should do the same. Of course most do, through courtship, but only a few do so after marriage. Why should the number be few? Mutual love should be the rule, and there should be no exception about it whatever! EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Serenade Speech.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—As I lay wrapped in slumbers—and blankets—my wife rapped me over the head, and said I was getting a serenade. I was far in the land of dreams and visions. I had discovered a gold mine, just before; I had robbed a fellow on the road of twenty thousand dollars, and paid off a few debts. Gold and silver were all around me. I reveled in the treasure. I filled my pockets, and hat, and a clothes-basket; there was no more need to borrow any more; but my dream was broken. I awoke, got up, felt in my pockets, and got thoroughly awake when I found that ten cents which had been there for a long time, and had a lonesome time of it.

I am very thankful, nevertheless, for this disturbance, but I wish the wind did not blow so cold through the window.

Yet the noise below has not upset me to any great degree. I am not mad. Really, I am thankful for it.

I love to sleep and hear music on the midnight atmosphere stealing in through the cracks of the windows, provided there is not too much cold wind in it. It is soothing to the ear.

I love a brass band. When a boy I always followed the band-wagon around town, and never minded the monkeys. My eyes and ears were always fixed on the band, and of course I would occasionally stumble over a cone in the road, or fall into a mud-puddle, but I never lost a note of the music. I always got up again, and went on.

"In following the bands I have been run over, trampled on, knocked down, but it never dampened my ardor for music, and it has not died out to this day."

There is nothing like music; at least, nothing that I can recall. And when a man is serenaded, he is expected to make a few remarks from the window, no matter how many overcoats he hasn't got on, or how cold the weather is.

I am pleased with this serenade. You certainly have nearly blown your immortal brains out to give me a good blast. In return, I would like to blast you, but I am unable to do so, so you will have to excuse me. Serenades are always suggestive of music, and this one reminds me of a reminiscence which occurred in my younger youth. I was not so old then as I am now; in other words, I was less aged, and the accumulated years hadn't got up and set down on my shoulders, or brought a carload of rheumatism for my limbs. The young lady's name was Sarah Nade, daughter of old Nade. I loved her sixteen inches to the foot, and eight days out of the week, and thought more of her than she could possibly think of me, and more than she ever did.

My soul wandered forth in love and music. Often at night, when the moon went up the heavenly stairs, and the glittering stars belched out their light, have I gone around and sat on old Nade's front fence, and whiled hours away, playing on the sweet accordion; not minding the neighborly dogs, or the unfriendly brickbats which came from an unseen source.

I used to call to see her, and always took candy and my accordion along. The accordion was an old one, and valuable; it had been in the family for forty years, and was just as good when it was new as it was when it was old.

I always sat in the corner and played it, while she ate the candy.

Whenever I came she would ask if I brought that old accordion with me—she had an appreciation for its age, and as long as the candy lasted I could play.

I used to throw my head back and pour my whole soul through that instrument for the satisfaction of Sarah, and she was easily satisfied. Old man Nade used to stamp on the floor above, and of course, knowing that he wanted more of it, I would play louder and wilder than ever, and the more he pounded the more I played. I thought it was applause and that the old man liked it, and played frantically away.

Occasionally the instrument would suck a note down its throat, but when that would occur I would supply the note whenever I came to it with my mouth, and so there was no stoppage in the tune.

Sometimes the old man would yell down, "See here, young man, we have had enough of that," but as I wanted to be generous and liberal, and do all I could for him, I would keep playing away; and when he would come down and say that he was afraid that I would tire myself to death and exhaust the atmosphere entirely, and that he could get through the balance of the night without any more music, I would then wind up with Old Hundred and quit.

There was more music wasted than you ever heard at once.

I tried to win the lovely Sarah with music. It saved so much useless talk. When the candy was eaten up she would intimate in words that she was never so sleepy in her life, and if I could take that accordion out on the door-step and play a few tunes she would go to bed and listen to them, and then we separated.

Things had gone along smoothly this way for six months, when, one night, her father had given several pounds of applause on the floor above, and I had played wilder on the accordion than ever, he came down-stairs into the room and knocked all the musical wind out of that instrument with a club, and gave me a minute geographical description of where I

could find the front door, and I took the route, and it bored Sarah so much that whenever she would meet me afterward she hadn't the heart to speak to me.

That ended that little love affair, and also the accordion.

Music hath charms. I am very fond of being disturbed. The men who fingered the bass drum and the cymbals have shown themselves adepts in the art. I hope you will all go up to the first saloon and get all you call for, and tell them if I don't pay for it you will yourselves; and as I haven't got several overcoats on I will bid you all good-night, and will come around and serenade you some of these nights in return—on an accordion or a trombone.

WASHINGTON WHITEHOORN.

Topics of the Time.

Sir Henry James, Director of the British Ordnance Survey, reports that it will take from eighteen to twenty years to complete the cadastral survey of England and Wales, and that the work will cost nearly \$2,000,000.

Some stupendous figures are furnished by the census of the British Empire. Its total population, 334,4 millions, is very nearly double that of the Roman Empire in its palmiest days; the territory, 74 million square miles, is almost five times as great. About a sixth of Queen Victoria's subjects are Christians, 11 per cent. Mohammedans, 42 per cent. Hindus, and a fourth heathens of various sects. The titled property-owners of Great Britain are numbered at 168,000.

The military force of England, militia, yeomanry and volunteers included, is reckoned at 470,766, of which 191,834 are regular troops. The navy numbers 65,000 men. Germany has 1,687,000 of all arms and classes, with a naval force of 13,000. The Austrian army, including all reserves, numbers 800,000 men, with about 14,500 in the navy. Italy has 750,000 men in the army, and 10,000 sailors. Greece, 40,000 land forces; Turkey can muster 310,000 fighting men. Roumania, 58,000; Servia, 117,000; and Montenegro, 23,000.

Our first colleges do something else than educate in books. We are told of a wrestling match which occurred at Harvard, the other day, in the presence of a crowd of the students. The contestants were Kessler of '78 and Simmons of '80. Five minutes after the bout began Simmons was thrown backward against a settee, the edge of which struck him in the side and inflicted a severe injury. He was lifted up, water was poured upon his face, he staggered to his feet and fought for forty minutes, until he was thrown down and forced over till both shoulders were on the floor. University sports of this kind are not edifying, although the students stand and cheer.

The swallow, swift and nighthawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers and chickadees are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and fly-catchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, crows, thrushes and larks protect the surface of the soil. Snipe and woodcock protect the soil under the surface. Each bird has its respective duties to perform in the economy of Nature; and it is an undoubted fact that if the birds were all swept off the face of the earth man could not live upon it; vegetation would wither and die; insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks.

An item in the *Tribune* reads: "Mrs. Ann S. Stephens had, it is said, a flattering way of embalming her friends in her thrilling tales. Of these friends Mrs. Stephens was one, and the novel she wrote for the *Tribune* was a novelette entitled 'Myra,' wherein the romantic history of the lively litigant is given at some length. The little book was published during Mrs. Stephens' battle before the Supreme Court, and helped to bring her case before the public, upon your minds and hearts. Each battle has its own story to tell, and Mrs. Stephens is now a stout lady, whose thick puffs of white hair frame a fresh and well-pressed face." This "little book" is BEADLE'S DIME NOVEL, Number Three. Mrs. Stephens wrote a number of novels for this series.

Yes, now that the season of tree planting is here, and we are more than ready to plant in New York State the law encourages this by an act which reads: "Any inhabitant liable to highway tax, who shall transplant by the side of the highway any forest shade tree or fruit tree of any suitable size, shall be allowed by the State to deduct from his highway tax, in addition to the cost of the highway tax, one dollar for every four trees set out; but no row of elms shall be placed nearer than seventy feet, no row of maple or other forest trees nearer than fifty feet, except locust, which may be set thirty feet apart; and no alder, larch, or poplar, or any other tree of less value, as before mentioned shall be made up of less than three trees set out a year previous to the demand for such abatement of tax, and are living and well protected from animals at the time." Which we wish was the law in every State.

The Emperor of Germany received a Brunswick sausage 6 feet high for a birthday present; also a gigantic aquarium containing a sea of transparent jelly, with 80 fishes ready for the table, and an Easter egg of corn flowers and hyacinths reaching to the roof of the hall. The German sovereigns presented to his majesty, the Emperor of Austria, a magnificent painting by Werner, commemorating his majesty's proclamation as German Emperor at Versailles on the 17th of January, 1871. The painting contains several hundred portraits. Among other gifts to the emperor there was an engraving by Prince Henry and a book bound by Prince Waldemar, the two younger sons of the crown prince. Under the thrifty habits of the dynasty each of its princes, in order to become acquainted with the popular aspects of the empire, has a certain duty to perform. The crown prince is a composer, and the emperor himself a glazier.

Of the Arkansas Hot Springs all have heard something, but of their real location and wonderful character, comparatively few persons have any correct idea. They are situated south-west from Little Rock about sixty miles. The town of Mountain road runs to Malvern, and from there to the springs, twenty-three miles, is a nice little narrow gauge, something like a parlor toy. It is said ten thousand invalids have been cured at the springs during the past ten years, and certainly some most wonderful cures have been effected. Rheumatism stands no show, and crutches, canes, and stiff joints flee almost at the sight of the health-giving water, and cures are almost certain. The springs are all on a Government reservation, and the Government has taken possession of all the property, and a receiver collects rent for every house. The property has been in dispute between three claimants for years, and their quarrel brought the Government in as a party, and it took possession of everything. Some of the buildings are large, costing as much as \$50,000.

A society has been formed which announces as its object "the simplification of English orthography." Among the officers of this Spelling Reform Association are the names—honored in philological science—of Prof. F. A. March, W. D. Whitney, and S. S. Haldeman. The circular which announces the formation of the society incloses a specimen of what is called "Revised Spelling." Of this a single sentence may suffice our readers: "There being so little difference between the appearances of the fonetic and ordinary print and script, these two can read and rite the later will read the fonetic print and script easily, and the new spelling can be introduced gradually without hindrance to business or friendship." Ordinary people will be apt to see in this a remarkable likeness to the effusions of Nasby and Josh Billings. Before yielding to the hope that the new "spelling" can be introduced without hindrance to friendship, it may be well to recall the clinching argument of old Major Penzance: "What! Marry a woman who spells affection with one f?"

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "A Ride to Death;" "Jan Altern;" "The Poor Bard;" "The Tulips;" "Sweet and Sad;" "Lost Silverstream;" "The Miner's Pledge;" "Gossamer;" "A Price for a Smile." Accepted: "Dr. St. John;" "Maid's Easter Lilies;" "A Girl's Pretense;" "Now or Never;" "The Twin Roses;" "General or Count?" "My Friend Bangs."

G. A. T. See answer to Nau. G. J. S. We will consider the request. Mrs. Wm. F. Have answered as requested. Old Reader. Write to Goodyear Rubber Company, New York.

Read Up. Texas Jack was playing in New York city lately. Can't make out your other query. Nam. Cannot give reasons for rejection. A rejection by no means implies want of merit. It simply means that we cannot make use of the MS.

Abb L. M. asks: "What is the difference between a connoisseur and an amateur?" A connoisseur is a person so skilled in any art or subject that he is an able judge and correct authority upon it. The word is often used in connection with a critic of painting, music or sculpture. An amateur is a person who loves or cultivates some branch of history, science or art, but does not make it a profession.

Dandy. Plant standard roses. The noisettes and Bourbons are not hardy and need careful protection or lifting to carry them through the winter. There is such a fine line of standard heavy varieties as to give you all summer bloom and all hues on stock that stands the winter well. Get some good grower's list and select. Roses should be now offered at fifteen cents each for good plants.

Mrs. Perry L. Don't be in too great hurry with your flower-garden. Nothing is made of planting tender seed in cold ground. They are almost sure to rot if the ground is not warm. Put in alyssum, campanula, candytuft, snap-dragon, larkspur, balsam, magnolia, clarkia, bacopa, and many others. Alox, coxcomb, amaranthus and pansy by April 25th; pink, aster, zinnia, marigold, lupin, scabiosa and sweet pea by May 5th; poppy, everlastings, phlox, petunia, stock, verbena, gladiolus, nasturtium, canna, ageratum, catchfly, linaria, etc., by May 10th.

Elia B. writes: "If I call upon a friend, who is a visitor at the house where she is stopping, and I am unacquainted with the hostess, what is it impolite for me to do? When making my first call upon my friend, to whom I am acquainted with the hostess, but not particularly desirous to see her? To whom I desire to see both ladies? A guest is always accorded the privilege of receiving calls from her friends, at her hostess' house; and, in calling upon her, her friends send their cards directly to her. It is only necessary to send a card to the hostess when you particularly desire to see her. If you desire to call upon both ladies you ask for both, and send up your card to each."

Mame W. asks: "When a young lady accepts the company of a gentleman to a place where there is dancing, is she under obligation to dance always with him, or to the hostess? If she is impolite for her to do so?" The young lady should dance the first dance with her escort, if he is a dancing man. After that her escort should see that she is provided with a partner for every dance, and if she wishes to take part; and though he himself may dance several times with her he should not monopolize all her time. She has other acquaintances present or there are others who desire her for a partner. If the gentleman does not dance, himself, but the lady does, it is his duty to see that she is provided with a partner.

Mary L. Far better to be fleshy than lean and spare in flesh and frame. Beauty delights in full flesh, for it usually indicates a healthy organism and happy vitality. The ideal of a woman is actually a tendency to over fleshiness it can be toned down, if taken in time, by daily out-of-door exercise, the avoidance of starchy food and sweets and the use twice a week of a dry shampoo or good sherry wine. The exercise with your brother is a capital suggestion. Taken in the evening before you sleep it will make you cool and refreshing, which add more roses to the cheek and brightness to the eye than any medicine in the world, as a few weeks' trial will demonstrate. It will be the mistake of mistakes to let the use of such incentives to a fine condition of body and spirit.

Mrs. E. T. S. The most beautiful lambrequins for brackets, arched windows and whole shelves have lately seen, are made in this way: The ground-work is of broadcloth, velvet or satin. The latter being preferable. Blue or green are the most desirable colors. Buy a small quantity of very fine cretonne; from this cut, carefully, butterflies, birds, flowers and bouquets. Baste these upon your blue or green background, and you have a fine cretonne. They are then button-holed on to the ground-work with floss silk, changing the silk with each change of the pattern. Be perfectly careful that the shades of silk match perfectly the shades in the cretonne. The effect is that of exquisite paintings. Elegant sofa-cushions, bed-cushions and chair-strips and valances may be made. Lambrequins should be finished with heavy silk fringes.

Western Belle, Little Rock, Ark., writes: "Will you be kind as to inquire for me the courtesy of Western girl and tell her what is the fashionable style of watch-chain now used by ladies; also of bracelets?" As ladies use their watches very little, now save for show, they are not so much worn as they once were. A short one called a vest chain. It is precisely like that used by gentlemen, except that lighter patterns are used. The watch is a small one, which is fastened through one of the button-holes of the dress-waist. And as the watch is worn in a little pocket, placed in one of the side-folds, the whole effect is like that of a gentleman's watch. Bracelets are wide, thick, flat, square-edged bands, of dull or Roman gold. They are plain or ornamented according to the taste of the wearer. Very expensive ones have an antique design set in precious stones at the top.

John B. The question has long been controverted, but there is no argument, nor any excuse which can alter the fact that it is decidedly impolite for a man to sit in the presence of a woman, when by so doing she is left without a seat. And the act becomes doubly rude when the man is seated in a parlour while they (the men) appropriate seats to themselves purposely devoted to ladies. You may give us our opinion to your friend, and also inform him that his excuse to not women so rarely seated thanks for seats tendered them is a very flimsy one and wholly inadequate to the freeing him from the charge of impoliteness. The ladies are entitled to thank for such civilities, when the gentlemen give them a chance so to do, although they know the offer of their seat belongs by right to a woman. Moreover, two women seated together are a lack of politeness on a woman's side cannot excuse the man.

Birdie, Peekskill. We will try and satisfy all your inquiries. The new styles are made of two prevailing styles. Little pockets, opening with a flap, and finished at the bottom with fringe, or long narrow cases with an opening in the center and two steel slides, slipping toward either end, and are finished with tassels. Ladies who understand netting can make these of saddle's silk; but the majority of those now made are of a coarse material of fine line of steel, and range in price from 50 cts. to \$2.00. Sun-umbrellas are no longer stylish. Parasols are again in vogue. They are made, like hats, to correspond with each suit. Pockets are worn on over-skirts and polonaises. Long scarfs of white silk illusion are very largely worn with both round hats and bonnets. They are carried across the face as a veil, crossed and fastened in the back, just beneath the hat, and brought under the chin and tied or arranged as a scarf and fastened at the waist. A very pale shade of blue silk is now arranged in the same way and worn for traveling and the country.

Elia writes: "The other evening I attended our usual semi-monthly sitting and singing. The ladies go in the afternoon, the gentlemen in the evening. That evening I was rather cool to a young gentleman who has recently paid me considerable attention, and he, thinking I had a bad temper, came home from among the several gentlemen who were talking with me, went off with a party going his way; and as the gentleman I was talking to was not one of going home only in company with my friend and me, I was left alone. I had nearly a mile to walk and the hour was late, so that I finally asked one of the gentlemen to see me home. He said that my elder sister of the affair she maintained that I had done a very improper act in asking a gentleman to escort me home. I do not think so. I wish to correspond with each suit. Pockets are worn on over-skirts and polonaises. Long scarfs of white silk illusion are very largely worn with both round hats and bonnets. They are carried across the face as a veil, crossed and fastened in the back, just beneath the hat, and brought under the chin and tied or arranged as a scarf and fastened at the waist. A very pale shade of blue silk is now arranged in the same way and worn for traveling and the country.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All advertisements in our columns stand on their own merit. We in no way endorse them. We insert none that we think are objectionable.

REGRETS.

BY ALEXANDER LAMONT.

A little blue-eyed boy at break of day
In silence weeping by the shining strand,
Because the murmuring sea hath swept away
His late-built towers and palaces of sand;
Searching in vain for the sweet-sounding shells
That told him secrets of the far-off seas—
Of lotus-lands and fairy-haunted dells,
Filled with eternal, mystic melodies.

A wan-faced maiden at the trying-gate,
With sad eyes gazing o'er the waving corn;
Praying that one may come, though late, so late!
To cheer her heart, all drooping and forlorn;
Shedding alone deep, penitential tears
For words she uttered in deep passion's blaze,
That sounded all the love of bygone years,
And sent her since through life by lonely ways.

A youth beside a little rose-wreathed mound,
Where lies a form in silent, peaceful rest;
Weeping upon the consecrated ground
The tears that should have fallen upon the breast
Of her who lies beneath: in dark despair
Moaning his grief in low and saddened speech,
And craving pardon in an anxious prayer,
Which now her deadened ear can never reach.

A child who loses the bright butterfly
Which he has chased by dell, and stream, and copse;
A dying maiden hearing in the sky
The lark's sweet song while leaving life's bright hopes;
An aged man, at sober twilight's fall,
Sitting beside the fading embers' gleam,
Striving in thought life's drama to recall,
And finding out how much was but a dream!

America's Commodores.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

PERRY came of good nautical stock—his father Christopher being a captain in the navy during the war of hostilities with France (1798-1800). From him he imbibed a love for the service which led the way to a career of honor.

Oliver Hazard, born August 20th, 1785, in Rhode Island, was the eldest of a considerable family—several of whom became distinguished in the navy. Oliver was commissioned midshipman in April, 1799, and assigned to his father's vessel—a frigate of 28 guns called the General Greene, which did some excellent cruising in the West Indies during the years 1799 and 1800. Then, the troubles with France having been arranged, the General Greene was laid up, and Captain Perry was one of the nineteen captains dropped from the service to reduce the establishment. The midshipmen, however, were retained, and young Perry was assigned to the Adams, of 28 guns, Capt. Campbell. In her he cruised to the Mediterranean, and became a favorite with Campbell and his first lieutenant Hull (afterward commodore). On his seventeenth birthday Oliver was commissioned lieutenant—the youngest in the service. This cruise of eighteen months was of marked benefit to the young officer, and he returned to America, in November, 1803, greatly improved in seamanship, general knowledge, and in personal vigor.

He joined the frigate Constellation, again under Capt. Campbell, and proceeded to Tripoli. The war with that power had just been closed when the frigate reached the port (Sept. 10th, 1804), and Perry had the honor of being assigned to the command of the Nautilus, of 14 guns—the vessel of the lamented Richard Somers, who had been blown up in the harbor of Tripoli, on the Intrepid (Sept. 4th). This command, given to one not yet twenty-one years of age, spoke well for the consideration in which he was held by the superior officers.

He remained in the Nautilus until assigned by Commodore Rodgers to his own ship, the Constitution, in the autumn of 1805—a choice that again reflected honor on the young lieutenant, for Rodgers was noted as a severe disciplinarian and for his severity in exactions of duty. He remained with the Constitution for a year and was then sent to the Essex, in which he returned home (October, 1806). Perry superintended the construction of the "gunboat flotilla"—one of Jefferson's most silly hobbies—for nearly two years, when he was given a vessel, the Revenge, of 14 guns—one of the coast squadron, in which he cruised up and down the coast until she was lost by wreck on the Watch Hill reef, near Newport, Jan. 8th, 1811.

When war came with Great Britain, in 1812, Perry was commanding a division of gunboats on the Newport station. No chance offering for an independent command on the Atlantic, he volunteered to serve on the Lakes, which, it was known, must become the scene of hostilities. Commodore Chauncey was already actively engaged in guarding Lake Ontario. By the commodore Lieutenant Perry was sent to Lake Erie, to superintend the equipment of vessels destined for the defense of that lake. March 27th he reached Presq' Isle (now Erie, Penn.) and there assumed the direction of affairs. It was indeed arduous work. All the region round the Lake was then a wilderness—only a settlement here and there to break the primeval silence. To reach the Lake with guns, ship material, tools and provisions rendered the building and equipping of a squadron a herculean task, but it had already been commenced under sailing master Dobbins, and Perry's arrival greatly hastened operations.

Hearing that Chauncey had determined to make a land and water assault on the British fort, St. George, below Niagara, Perry took a small boat at night and was rowed down to Buffalo, and thence made his way to Chauncey's squadron, just on the eve of its departure. His coming was gladly welcomed. Chauncey assigned him the command of the marines, of the landing force, and with this force he participated prominently and most creditably in the successful movement.

Returning to Presq' Isle, he hastened work on his little vessels, watched carefully by the English squadron, under Captain Barclay, which lay off the harbor, and expected to destroy the American vessels as they tried to pass the bar. The British commander, however, unexpectedly left his station, on August 1st, to run over the lake and return again in a day or two—a fortunate occurrence for Perry, which he utilized, although it was Sunday, by starting his fleet for the open lake. His two heaviest vessels, the Lawrence and Niagara, he had to assist over the bar by means of lifts or "camels," a very tedious process, indeed, which, had the enemy been present, would have been impossible. Barclay's momentary relaxation of his vigilance cost him a defeat, for, once over the bar, the American squadron was more than his match, at that time. A new ship, however, then fitting at Malden, made Barclay more than Perry's equal in guns, and to place that ship in his squadron the English captain had gone to that port.

Thither Perry soon followed, and rendezvoused at Put-In-Bay, in Put-In-Bay Islands, where many of the officers and crew were taken sick with the ague—Perry among others.

This continued for two weeks, but early in September he was able to get out on deck again, and then ran up to Malden to reconnoiter. He found the British squadron there, evidently unwilling to run out.

But Barclay was forced to make a run for Long Point, being very short of provisions—a circumstance of which Perry was forewarned, and every preparation made to force the enemy to general action. On the morning of September 10th Perry took his ships out of harbor, and when in the open lake, north of the islands, discovered the British vessels in the offing, heading for Long Point; but, seeing his antagonist in his path, Barclay hove to, taking battle position in line.

The British fleet was composed of six vessels, viz.: Detroit, 19; Queen Charlotte, 17; Lady Prevost, 13; Hunter, 10; Little Belt, 3; and Chippewa, 1; in all 63 guns. Perry's force was the Lawrence, 20 guns; Niagara, 20; Caledonia, 3; Ariel, 4; Somers, 2; Porcupine, 1; Scorpion, 2; Tigress, 1; Trippe, 1; in all 54 guns, but about equal in weight of shot to the British armament.

Seeing the enemy's formation, Perry changed his prearranged order of battle, that his own ship, the Lawrence, might make Barclay's flag-ship, the Detroit, his own antagonist; while the Niagara, Captain Elliott, took the Queen Charlotte. The final maneuvering brought the several vessels into fire in their assigned position. The Americans, having the weather gage, ran down before a light wind, from the south-east, and just before noon came within range. Barclay, lying to, threw the first shot, and, as the Lawrence came slowly on, she began to suffer considerably. Being at the head of his line, all the enemy gave him attention with their long range guns, before engaging their own special adversary approaching, and the wind now falling to a light breeze, the Lawrence for a full hour lay exposed to a fearful fire, so that when the other vessels got into position she was terribly cut and pierced.

Seeing this, and that the Queen Charlotte had engaged, had dropped close in upon the Detroit, and was pouring her shot into the Lawrence, Elliott broke out of the prearranged line, and slowly passing the Caledonia, came to the Lawrence's help, and the breeze now freshening somewhat, both the Niagara and Caledonia got ahead of the flag-ship, which lay almost helpless on the water, her decks covered with the dead and disabled, and every gun but one on her starboard dismounted. She was really beaten and powerless, and seeing the Niagara's advance, Perry jumped into a small boat, taking with him his younger brother, then a midshipman, and was pulled away to Elliott's vessel, which now was near at hand.

The Detroit, Queen Charlotte and Lady Prevost were then close together, not four cables' length from the Lawrence, making the actual distance between the Niagara and the three vessels not more than four or five hundred yards. The small vessels of Perry's fleet, under the light wind, had not been able to get fully into the fight until about this time, when Elliott volunteered to pass to them in the boat and bring them up for the close fight determined upon. The captain started on his mission, and during the rest of that memorable combat he was engaged in getting the schooners and sloop together and directing their work.

Perry, with the Niagara, closely supported by the Caledonia, bore down under the freshening wind direct upon the enemy's line, and caught the Detroit in the act of wearing ship, in which she became interlocked with the Queen Charlotte, whose commanding officers being killed or wounded was very badly handicapped. This mishap was fatal for Barclay. Perry put the Niagara in position to rake both vessels, which he did with terrible effect, while the schooners and sloop, closing up to the windward of the British line, put in a cross-fire which soon decided the battle. It was madness to resist longer, and though the Lawrence had struck her flag to Barclay, after Perry left her she was thus rescued. The Detroit first struck, then the Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost and Hunter, but the Little Belt and Chippewa sought to escape by running for the Canada shore. The Scorpion and Trippe pursued, overhauled and took them both, thus accomplishing a complete victory, and restoring the supremacy of the United States over the Lakes.

This victory was won by the loss of many brave men. The Lawrence offered up a fearful sacrifice—22 killed and 63 wounded out of a crew of 103 who reported that morning fit for duty—85 out of 103—truly a sanguinary record, far exceeding in proportion any loss of the war. The vessel itself was but a wreck, cut to pieces aloft and below. Perry's escape, and the manner in which he concentrated two hours' fire, was miraculous. That he never thought of yielding shows the lion heart of the man. The Niagara's loss was comparatively small—5 killed and 25 wounded. The other vessels lost lightly. The British casualty list was about equal to that of their conqueror, while in prisoners it was, of course, the entire fleet force—over 500 prisoners.

The battle over, the vessels bore up for the Put-In-Bay rendezvous, and after a few days' refitting and burying the slain on the shores of the beautiful water, the prizes were dispatched for adjudication to Presq' Isle.

The land rung with applause over this victory, and Perry emerged from the modest obscurity of a captain to rank to become famous; but he did not repose on his laurels. He co-operated with Harrison in the recovery of Detroit, then in British possession through its surrender by Hull. Detroit was easily repossessed, for, with no friendly fleet on the river, it was not tenable. Harrison began his movement for the invasion of Canada, and the army passed over Detroit river under protection of Perry's guns.

As the natural result of the victory on the Lake, the whole northern frontier was open to American incursion, for which the brave and vigilant Harrison was prepared, and advancing to the enemy's position on the Thames, he struck the British and their savage allies under Tecumseh the blow that virtually ended the war, and left the British king no choice but to make peace on our own terms or risk the loss of the Canadas. A more vigorous administration at Washington would not have stayed its flag at the Thames, nor have accepted terms until Canada was ours; but Jefferson, Madison and Monroe all were lawyers rather than rulers of nerve and high resolve, and under their guidance the country seemed to shrink from war. Had it been our good fortune to have had a Jackson in the President's office, England would have come out of the war of 1812-14 not only thoroughly whipped on the high seas but deprived of every one of her North American possessions.

Perry, enthused with patriotic zeal for the service, joined Harrison in his land operations, with a considerable body of men from his vessels, and participated, with credit, in the campaign which witnessed the overthrow of the combined English and Indian army. He then

associated with Harrison in a proclamation to the people of Upper Canada—the potency of his name as the victor of Lake Erie serving to inspire friends and overawe foes.

After these operations he was ordered to the command of the Java, a new 44-gun ship, fitting out at Baltimore, but then and afterward blockaded by the enemy's strong force in the waters below, and the ship only put to sea after the close of the war. In May (1815), under Perry's command, she ran to the Mediterranean to join Commodore Shaw's squadron before Algiers, but arrived to find affairs adjusted with the Bashaw. The Java returned home in 1817.

Perry now had difficulties and proceedings with fellow officers, against one of whom he made charges, and the controversy with Captain Elliott and the commanding officer of marines on board the Java, served, not to dim his honor, but to betray a weakness of temper that left its mark on his personal reputation. It was, indeed, but a repetition of troubles originating in professional jealousies and dislikes of which our navy already had seen too much. He fought a duel with the marine officer; but, admitting his error, he stood his fire without returning it. With Elliott the quarrel was very bitter and prolonged, but it ended, we believe, not to the disparagement of that officer.

In June, 1819, Perry was first permitted to hoist the commodore's pennant, and in the John Adams proceeded on a mission to the countries of the north of South America. In a little craft named Nonesuch he ran up the Orinoco to Angostura, the capital of Venezuela. There the yellow fever prevailed, and, returning down the river, he was seized with the malady and died before he could reach Trinidad, where his flag-ship lay—August 23d, 1819. His remains were first interred at Port Spain, Trinidad, but were afterward borne in a vessel-of-war to Newport, Rhode Island, where a fine monument marks the place of repose.

The nation rejoiced in the death of the person of his son Oliver Hazard, who, as the commodore of the celebrated expedition to Japan and the East in the years 1823-4, succeeded in opening that long-closed country to the commerce of the world.

NOWADAYS.

BY HORACE.

Alas! how everything has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls were homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw
That tied beneath the chin,
The shawl laid neatly on the neck
And fastened with a pin.

I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadow, rock and field,
And up and down the hill,
And heard "our folks" were out at work
(It never made me thinner)
I jumped upon a horse, bare back,
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies nowadays
Would almost faint away
To think of riding all alone,
In wagon, chaise, or sleigh;
And as for giving "us" his meals,
Or helping "us" to bake,
Oh, dear! 'twould spoil the lady hands
Though sometimes they made cake.

When winter came the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter;
Each maid would take his sweetheart out
Sleigh-riding in a cutter;
Or if the storm was bleak and cold
The girls and beaux together,
Would meet and have the best of fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now, indeed it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention,
However kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intentions,
He never asks his girl to ride
But such a man is asked;
And if he sees her once a week,
Why, surely "they're engaged!"

The Girl Rivals:

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STRANGER AT THE GATE.

PENTACKET is a lovely little village in summer. It is in the north-western portion of Massachusetts in full view of the mountains, and not far from a romantic little lake, while its own noisy, rapid little river runs through charming nooks, and foams down many a rocky fall. The air of Pentacket is clear and cool, when it is very sultry in some other places; its views are fine, its inhabitants know how to win a living out of the advantages of their situation, and, in hot weather, the village is crowded with summer boarders. There is one large, roomy, airy hotel, with verandas and green blinds, and a band of music and a ball-room, which does a rushing business in July and August; but a great many quiet people prefer the seclusion of private dwellings, and full half the families of Pentacket take boarders in the summer season.

The Fletchers did not live immediately in the village; but their house—being fine and large, with well-kept grounds, and their orchards and vegetable gardens, and poultry yards and meadows parabolized by hand-sown cows, giving fine promise of abundant good cheer—was regularly besieged, each summer, by applicants for board. But, as Farmer Fletcher and his wife thought they had enough of this world's goods, and prized their ease and privacy more than the dollars to be made in such ventures, they seldom yielded to the besiegers. Once or twice they had been induced, out of pure kindness of heart, to take in some invalid, whom they felt assured they could benefit; but the spring of Ruth's serious illness Mrs. Fletcher had warned her husband to give no encouragement to any stranger during that summer.

"I will keep my hands full waiting on Ruth. 'Twill be months before she will be fit to do for herself; and then, too, husband, this affair about the schoolmaster makes me feel as if I couldn't endure to look a stranger in the face, or to have to talk to 'em. We are all concerned in it, you see, as 'twas Ruth's admiring the teacher urged poor Jasper to do what he did. If he was my own son I couldn't feel much worse. First place, I liked the boy and looked to his being my son some day; and then, I can't shake off a sense of responsibility, seeing as Ruth's so mixed in it. Poor Ruth! I don't see what under the sun she took it into her head to care for the master for! He wasn't our sort—and Jasper was. You see, I kind of blame my own child—and she at death's door for being so folly, too!—and she a miserable business all around! A miserable business! I should think Jasper's mother would die outright, for it's almost killing me. Oh, dear!

oh, dear! There don't seem to be any way out of it!"

No! There certainly was no way out of the dreadful trouble of that summer! Jasper Judson was pining away the long days in jail awaiting the trial to come off late in June; his own daughter was struggling slowly, very slowly up from that bed of fever and delirium on which she had been so long stretched—and Mrs. Fletcher, more grave and sad than even in that season long ago when she had buried another like the girl, having only Ruth, went about her house with a heavy heart.

Thus it happened that she would not listen to the dulcet persuasion of a very beautiful and stylish Boston girl, who, with her maiden aunt—the aunt was suffering with a cough left by a winter attack of pneumonia—had come there the first of June and begged to be accommodated, professing herself willing to pay any price for rooms and board, as the aunt disliked hotels, disliked villages, and craved a quiet country place where she could recover at leisure.

The girl was a beautiful creature, and had such a sweet, coaxing way with her, that Mrs. Fletcher found it hard to refuse her, softening her refusal with the statement of her daughter's illness. She heard, afterward, that the ladies had concluded to take rooms at the hotel, when the younger one—a great beauty and heiress—was the observed of all observers.

Two or three days after the first application came another. A lively hack drove slowly through the winding drives of the lawn and stopped before the steps of the porch which ran across the front of the old stone house. It had showered during the day; and the air was sweet with the scent of roses and new-mown hay. The slender pillars of the porch seemed hardly able to bear up the weight of rose-vines which hung to them, heavy with great, drooping clusters of pink and white and red.

The meadows across the road were dotted with hyacocks thrown up hastily to escape the damaging effects of the heavy rain. Birds were darning about as if intoxicated by the joy of the hour, or by too many draughts of dew from flower and tree. A few golden clouds floated peacefully above the distant hills. For the first time since, on that terrible day following Christmas, she had been carried up them in a fainting fit—Ruth had come downstairs. She was sitting in an easy-chair out on the porch, dressed in a loose white wrapper, with a white zephyr shawl thrown about her head and shoulders.

No longer the rosy, dimpled lovely school-girl; but a grave, sorrowful invalid, her face pale and thin, her figure a mere shadow of its past rounded outlines; her eyes preternaturally large and bright, set in her wasted face; and her beautiful hair, that had once rippled far below her waist, long ago cut from her fevered head and now growing out in little curling rings about her white forehead and neck, giving her a childish look that contradicted the sad expression on her features.

The poor girl had been brought down in her father's arms and placed in the chair that she might enjoy the beauty of the day and the freshness of the air. Her mother sat near her, watching every feeble movement with a mother's fond devotion, certain, now that Ruth had actually left her sick-room, that she would get well. The child had asked for some roses, and had pinned one in her white dress at the bosom, and had held the others in her lap idly playing with them.

It was this pretty and yet sad picture which met the eyes of the lady who descended from the livery-hack, and came, rather timidly, up the steps and spoke to Mrs. Fletcher.

"Dear madam," she began immediately, in a low voice, so pathetic that the very sound of it touched the matron's heart and won her good will. "I want you to take me and keep me this summer. I am able to pay you for all the trouble I shall be to you. Do not say 'no'—please don't say 'no'—for I am ill, and a widow, and alone."

"I am ill, a widow, and alone!" Could words have greater pleading in them than those? They went to the hearts of both mother and daughter, who gazed on, nevertheless, a full minute without speaking. A widow! this little childish, fairy creature, who did not seem to have seen eighteen summers. They could hardly believe it. But on her delicate, wan, lovely face was impressed the truth of the stranger's story. The mourning garments which so ill befitted the girlish figure, might have been falsely assumed. But not the look of still sorrow in those great solemn violet eyes—not the worn pallor of the young brow, nor the lines about the sweet mouth.

There was something strangely appealing in face, voice and figure. Tears—which came easily now—rose in Ruth's eyes as she looked at the lovely little stranger, about whom there seemed to be but one bright thing to relieve her sable garments and pale face. Her beautiful gold hair was this one bright thing. That had the peculiar softness and light which so seldom outlasts childhood.

Its bright, wavy masses gleamed under the black bonnet, breaking out in rebellious tendrils and rings. Ruth reached out her thin hand and touched her mother, signaling her to grant the lady's petition; Mrs. Fletcher was already surrendering in her thoughts, and now that Ruth approved, at once gave way to her inclination to be gracious.

"We have refused every one, so far," she began. "My daughter has been ill since Christmas—this is her first visit down-stairs—and I have had my hands full with her. But Ruth says I am to take you—she must fancy you, I imagine!—and I don't care to go against her will yet awhile. She's a spoiled child, ma'am, by reason of her sickness; and I must let her have her own way, you see," smiling. "What is your name?"

"Mrs. Lovelace, madam. I will tell you a little about myself now, so that you may know who you are to be so kind to. My father was clerk in Mr. H—'s store in Boston; shortly after he died I was married—very young, only sixteen, madam—and my husband died in little over a year—between five and six months ago. Meantime, I had lost my mother—'you see I have had trouble'—and the doctors sent me to Pentacket to recuperate. I do not like to be at a hotel—I will not stay in some gossiping boarding-house—I heard of you, and I came to you."

"I hope, my dear, you have come to the right place," responded Mrs. Fletcher, in a motherly tone, for she felt very much drawn to the pale little thing who had had so much trouble. "Will you stop now?"

"Yes, if you will let me. The man can bring my trunk up to-night. I left it at the hotel for fear you would not take me. I will pay him for bringing me here and ask him to return with my baggage."

This bit of business being transacted, the lady retired to the porch, and sinking down in a chair opposite Ruth, her great, solemn eyes seemed to search the girl's face. "You, too, have been very ill," she said. "Yes, I have had a long, long, tedious time."

"Perhaps you, too, have lost a dear friend?" Ruth's eyes fell before the clear, solemn gaze, and a faint blush rose in her colorless cheeks.

"I have lost a very dear friend," she felt compelled to answer. "Still, he was not a father or a husband. I had no right to take it so seriously. I think it was the shock that made me ill, Mrs. Lovelace. He died suddenly—was drowned—or—some say, was—murdered."

Mrs. Fletcher had gone in to see about putting a room in order for the stranger, and to tell Hannah to set the tea-table for one more, so that Ruth and the lady were alone together. Ruth was surprised at herself, when she came to a pause, to think she had told so much to a stranger, when she had been utterly unable to discuss the subject with her own family and friends. It seemed as if the solemn eyes drew the whole truth right out of her.

A little shudder ran from the lady's head to her feet when Ruth pronounced—in an awed, ghastly whisper—that word, *murdered*. It might have been caused by the summer wind blowing into her face a dash of raindrops from the roses; anyway, she shivered, and when she raised her handkerchief to wipe away the perfumed drops, it was some time before she lowered it.

"I read of such—an occurrence—last winter, in the papers. Pentacket, I am sure, was the name of the village. The—the—victim was a school-teacher, was he not?"

"Yes, madame. I and my brother attended his school."

"Was he—a married man?"

"Oh, no! Certainly not."

"Not! And the young man, who is to be tried—for the murder—was—jealous of him, the man who drove me here said."

"I am afraid he was," answered Ruth, trembling and pale.

"The schoolmaster paid particular attention—to you?"

"I thought so, Mrs. Lovelace. Indeed, indeed, I was quite sure of it at the time. But now, it may not have been anything serious—I see that! I admired him, and I—I was said to be the prettiest girl in school, and he paid me compliments and attentions until my head was turned. But he may have been only laughing at me, all the time. I think so now."

Great tears were dropping down Ruth's pale cheeks; the lady pressed her hand against her own heart, and asked:

"Then you were not engaged to this Mr. Otis, after all? He did not ask you to marry him?"

"No—no. I expected him to; and I scorned poor Jasper, whom I had liked since he was a little boy, and threw his ring off into the snow, and did everything to anger and madden him. I was a vain, foolish girl. But oh, I have paid for my folly. I have suffered—I have suffered!"

"Poor child," murmured the little pale lady, drawing her chair over beside Ruth. "Poor, foolish child!" caressing the thin hand. "I have been foolish, too, and I have suffered. I thought a man could be won to love me who never did. I loved him with a wild idolatry; he was my king, my angel, my heaven; he was my husband, too; but he scorned me in life, and now, perhaps, scorns me in death. Men are cruel and wicked to us poor girls. But it is all over with me now, and I am only eighteen."

"It is all over with me, too, and I am but just seventeen."

"Not all over with you, child. You will love, and marry, and be happy."

"Never!" whispered Ruth, with such sadness in her voice that the stranger turned away her face to wipe the tears which gathered to hear so despairing a word from one so young.

"When does the trial of this young man take place?" the lady asked, presently.

"In two weeks, or a little over. And I have got to go into court and give my testimony. It was I who first accused him. Oh, I have prayed and prayed never to get well! I would sooner die than say the things against my old friend and schoolfellow I shall have to say then. But I am getting stronger every day, and they will take me there and compel me to say words against Jasper that may be the means of his death. Mrs. Lovelace, if Jasper dies, and by my mouth, I shall die, too. I feel it."

Just then Mrs. Fletcher came to escort Mrs. Lovelace to her room, while the father lifted his daughter tenderly and bore her back to the bed, where she lay pale, listless and exhausted, tear after tear slowly oozing from between her closed eyelids.

In the mean time, in her own room, the stranger had flung herself down on her knees before a window, and, with her chin on the sill and her eyes fixed on the distant mountains and sunset sky, remained in such a reverie that Hannah had to speak three times at her door before she could call the wandering spirit back to the realization that the weary body needed refreshment.

Mildred Lovelace—as she chose to still call herself—had come to the Fletchers' knowing whom she would meet there, and urged by a terrible jealousy and curiosity to see the girl with whom her husband had been trifling when he met his sudden fate; as well as to be in the vicinity at the time of Jasper Judson's trial.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LADY ON THE PORCH.

It was singular that Honoria Appleton should have come to Pentacket at such a time—singular that she should hear the approaching trial for murder spoken of at table and in drawing-room, day after day, and yet have no suspicion that she was in any way interested in it.

Yet her arrival in the village at this critical period was a mere accident, depending on the impaired health of her aunt, who had been ordered to the mountains by her physicians in the hopes of getting rid of a lingering cough.

That Honoria should be blind and deaf and dumb on the subject of the murder, was not so strange, either.

It was not an uncommon name in Massachusetts; there were plenty of Otises in Boston; and that the last name of this murdered man should be the same as her cousin's given name did not awaken in her mind one suspicion of the truth.

It was impossible for such a belle and heiress as this to be many days in any place without her train being increased by several of her more persistent admirers.

Brummel Pomeroy was the first to arrive at the hotel in Pentacket in which the aunt and her lovely niece had finally decided to take a suite of rooms. Being early in the season, the young lady could indulge her extravagance by engaging one-third of the house for her accommodation, if she wished; but she contented herself with two large bedrooms and two parlors adjoining, and was gazed at with awe

struck admiration by the waiters and chamber-maid—a class who always do love to see money thrown away. The landlord rejoiced in his best patron all the more when he found the tribe that followed, all ready to lavish what means they had to keep up a brave appearance before the rich beauty.

He cared no more for any of them than the candle cares for the moths who circle about, except that they served occasionally to make less dull a tiresome day.

Brummell must have bled some of his rich young friends in Boston pretty freely, for he had an abundance of spending money, kept a pair of horses and a light buggy in the hotel stables, and was altogether brilliant, with his eases and his gloves and cravats, such as even the most aspiring of his younger fellows could not hope to attain.

Brummell, too, had flattered himself into the aunt's good graces, so that she was continually intoning his praises, in the hearing of her niece. Altogether, it would have been far from surprising if Honoria had been utterly subdued by his fascinations and his devotion, all of which had laid steady siege to her heart for over a year.

It is undeniable, too, that she had given him some encouragement; yet, always after she had shown this weakness, she shed a few tears of regret in the privacy of her own room, and resolved that she would never, never do so again. Why she regretted it she could not have told herself; partly it was that her young imagination still clung to her cousin in spite of heroic efforts to tear it away; and partly it was that her virgin soul, if it had not the wisdom of experience, did have that of innocence, and shrunk, it knew not why, from the professions of one so black at heart as Brummell Pomeroy. This Prince of Darkness appeared like an angel of light, yet her pure spirit felt a difference that it did not try to analyze.

Brummell was angry and impatient at his slow progress; but the thought of the young coquette's millions—all her own, and sure to be all her husband's, when she got one—sustained him and urged him to persevere.

So, here he was at Pentucket, "astonishing the natives," and aiding Miss Appleton finely in her efforts to find the little mountain village amusing. Drives, picnics and mountain excursions were the order of the day. Brummell congratulated himself on having the beauty so much to himself, taking courage to believe that before they left Pentucket, the little band,

"All gleefully with its weight of rings," would be pledged to him.

Yet before he had been enjoying this felicity of faith ten days, he made a discovery which disturbed him more than he would have cared to acknowledge.

He was out driving alone one afternoon, for Miss Appleton had a headache, and was writing letters, or had some excuse to refuse his invitation. Among the other accomplishments which made him the "Admirable Crichton" of the young bloods of Boston, was his knowledge of horses. He always rode and drove those fiery animals for which his admirers paid, but of whom they were afraid. He had hired, on coming to Pentucket, the superb blooded animals owned by hapless Jasper Judson, and which were suffering for want of exercise because the father had not the heart to use these pets of his son. Brummell's control of them was usually perfect, but, on this occasion, having driven over to a neighboring village, he was late in returning, and was overtaken by a sudden summer tempest.

The frightful canonade of the thunder, the flash of the lightning in their very eyes, the rush of the wind, and the wild swaying of the roadside trees, excited the horses more and more, until a sudden crackling of thunderbolts over their heads and a blaze in their faces, made them so wild that their driver lost control of them, and they dashed furiously along the country road, running from one side of it to the other, and soon dumping Mr. Brummell Pomeroy unconsciously into the mud and dust. He clung to the reins, through all, like a hero, being dragged some distance along the way, when a farmer, who had kept out too late in the effort to save his hay, dashed out of a fence-corner to his assistance, and, at serious risk, stopped the frightened pair. A few gentle, reassuring words then quieted the trembling horses, and the farmer swung open the carriage gate to his place, and led them in, taking them to the stable, and leaving Brummell to find the shelter of the house-porch.

Pomeroy, somewhat stunned, but not injured much, staggered forward to the piazza, anxious to get out from under the avenue of elms, which led up to the roomy and comfortable-looking dwelling, for he had a guilty conscience, and was afraid of the lightning.

Some one was sitting there who did not appear to be afraid of it. A slight, youthful figure, clothed in deep mourning, leaned back in an arm-chair, and a pale, beautiful face was turned to the stormy sky, its large, sad eyes fixed on the driving clouds with such an intensity of self-absorption that their owner was unaware of the approach of the intruder.

Brummell came near uttering an oath of surprise.

"That little devil! What is she doing here?" was his wondering thought. "She will be sure to make me trouble," was his next reflection.

As she had not yet perceived him, he retreated from the steps he was about to descend, and followed the drive around, and went on to the stables, where he found the farmer caring for the dripping horses.

"You are very kind," he began. "I thank you a thousand times. But I think I will go right on, and let John, at the hotel, see to the team. It is breaking up now—the worst of the storm must be over, and I am so drenched that I had best get back and have a change of garments."

"Will fix you up with some clothes of mine, if you choose to go in the house. They may not be of the same cut as yours—his eyes twinkling at the sad condition of the city boy's elegant suit—"but they will be dry."

"Much obliged, I am sure, but I had better hasten on. By the way, do you take summer visitors into your family, sir?"

"Not often. Don't like to do it, as a usual thing. Sometimes wife takes invalids out of kindness—got one now, a pretty, quiet little creature, timid as a mouse, and sweet as a pink—only just eighteen, and a widow. Sad, ain't it?"

"A widow?" echoed Brummell, beginning to hum a tune.

"Yes, sir, a widow. My daughter has taken a great fancy to her."

"Did she have references?" asked the man-of-the-world, between two bars of a light tune he was humming.

"Didn't ask for any. Her face was reference enough."

"Ah, you country people never learn to be sufficiently suspicious. You know, I dare say, that it is a favorite move on the part of these

adventuresses to pass themselves off as widows. Not that this little lady may not be all right. I only speak on general principles. You know what Weller says—'Look out for ridders.' By the way, your little village is not quite as sinless as Paradise, after all. You are to have a murder trial next week, I hear."

Brummell said this with no purpose except to keep up an appearance of sociability with the farmer, after dropping in his mind the seed of a wicked suspicion against the young widow. He had not the remotest idea of who the murdered man had been, nor knew that the one he addressed had any special interest in the subject.

"Yes," answered the other, "and a terrible thing it will be."

"Parties all young and foolish, weren't they?" ran on Brummell, indifferently, as he examined the harness to see if it had escaped the strain of the runaway. "Seems to me I have heard something about jealousy being the motive of the murder."

"If you were not standing there in wet clothes I'd tell you all about it," said Mr. Fletcher, with a sigh—the load on his heart was heavy to bear, and he was yielding to the natural impulse to get rid of a part of it by communicating it to some one else—how often the human heart would break did it not bend itself to relieve the pressure!

"Oh, go on, if you please. I've got to mend this strap here, thank you. I have a string in my pocket." Brummell would not have lingered, at the risk of taking cold, had not his curiosity been aroused by the sight of Mildred Garner sitting on the porch of this man's house.

So he listened to the whole story of the murder—told from Mr. Fletcher's point of view—and heard how the speaker's own daughter was concerned in it, and what a terrible affair it was, and likely to destroy the happiness of two families. Brummell could not but take some interest in it; and, at the end, he inquired what the effect of the tragedy had been on the murdered man's relatives.

"That just adds to the singularity of the whole affair," replied Mr. Fletcher; "the fact that not one of his kith or kin have come forward to inquire after his fate. Nor was there anything in his room—papers, or what not—to tell us who to write to about it, or what steps to take to let his relatives know. The lawyers have written to two or three Orises of Boston—for he allowed to be from Boston, and to belong to a good family there, that he was too proud to live on, seeing they had not used him fair—but none of 'em seem to know about him. It's my private opinion there's some mystery about it—fact is—speaking in a low voice, 'I often think he isn't dead, after all. I'd give every dollar I've got in the world to prove it, but it's only an idea of mine. Folks say, 'Why, there's the bloody knife, and all; and if he ain't dead, what's become of him?' I can't answer them. I only wish I could. Often it appears to me as if he wasn't dead. Often it seems to me as if he was. Jasper Judson's rest was a terrible dream. Jasper Judson's got a quick temper, and he did not strange next day, but he's a good boy at heart, I'll stick to that! I'd rather have seen my daughter married to him than to this mysterious schoolmaster, handsome and learned and gentlemanly as he was. He was always a sad, gloomy man; and he had but one valise-trunk full of clothes with him, and yet he wore diamond sleeve-buttons!"

These incongruous facts evidently had made a strong impression on the farmer.

"Diamond sleeve-buttons, and a family who had wronged him, and his name was Otis!" muttered Brummell Pomeroy.

His companion looked at him in surprise at the voice in which he spoke—the gentleman's face was white, and he shivered.

"You are taking your death of cold, sir," "I am afraid I am. And you really think that pretty young thing I saw on the porch is the widow she pretends to be?"

"I do," was the emphatic response; "that little lady could no more tell a lie than the angels. That's what we all think."

"You are probably right; though my experience makes me suspicious. I must attend this trial next week; you have aroused a deep interest in me—and then, it will help to pass the time. Much obliged for your kindness, Mr. Fletcher."

"Fletcher. I wish you would at least put on a dry coat of mine."

"I'll be home in ten minutes with this team, Mr. Fletcher—it's only a mile to the hotel. When I'm there, I'll run about until I am in a glow. Thank you, and good-afternoon," and Brummell drew far down over his face his broad-brimmed summer hat, and was careful to keep his head turned away as he sped by the house on his way to the road.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

MAY.

BY M. J. ADAMS.

Earth is proud in her garment green,
And Sol looks down thro' his rays serene;
The new-born flowers with fragrance come,
Bringing the bees with musical hum,
Adown the hills to the vales below,
With a newer life the streamlets flow;
Now happier feel the lowing kine,
And lazier are the huddling swine;
Now seems to be less mournful sweet,
The tender lambkin's piteous bleat;
The songsters soar with a swifter wing,
And sweeter now the carols they sing;
In no other month of the year we see
The charms that Nature has given to thee;
Oh, thou art worthy the poet's lay,
Welcome, welcome, beautiful May!

The Gamin Detective;

OR,

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk.

A Story of the Centennial City.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LOST FOUND.

ALL the members of the council which the two boys had seen at Black-eyed Joe's were now in custody. These consisted, as the reader may have guessed, of the two professional burglars, and Messrs. Wilson and Powers, who were the persons whom Will had recognized at the time. Will had now given up his old residence, and was regularly located at the residence of his new-found father. The old gentleman was excessively happy in the possession of this strong, handsome lad for his son, and doted upon him with an affection which Will, in good measure, returned.

He made himself as much at home in this well-appointed residence as he had ever been in his less savory dwelling-places, and adopted the manners and customs of good society with a readiness which could hardly have been expected.

It would not be easy, however, to cure him of

his assurance, and his rude, reckless habits of speech; all that could be done would be to confine them within more decorous limits.

He told his father with much vim of the morning's events, the arrest of the burglars, and the fact that he had taken in it.

The old gentleman was delighted with the courage and shrewdness of his son, and shuddered as he heard of the perilous adventure in the dark cellar. Will painted his enterprise in no mild colors.

"And now, my dear son," said Mr. Somers, "since you have so successfully finished your enterprise, I wish you to help me carry out my plans."

"Depends on what they are," said Will.

"I refer to you, to school. You are young enough yet to learn a business, and much as I dislike to part with you I must give you the benefit of an education."

"Ain't no use to part with me. There's good enough schools here," said Will. "Just to think of a fellow of my size goin' along the street with baby-school books under his arm."

Will burst into a laugh at the absurdity of the thought.

"That is true, Will," said the old gentleman, thoughtfully. "I would hardly like to subject you to the unpleasantness of going to a primary school. I will have to get you a private tutor, till you are somewhat advanced."

"Suit yourself. It don't make any difference to me," said Will, carelessly. "Never was ashamed of anything honest. And if anybody tried to poke fun at me I'd soon carry them down. I ain't afraid of it last long. Kind of hate to leave the store, but I do want to learn something. Can't get myself on a level with other folks 'cept by learning."

"What do you mean?" asked his father, anxious to know what new whim had seized him.

"Want to find my little lost sister. Poor Jennie is just like me, kicked somewhere about this big town. I'm goin' to scour the whole city for her. Bet I know her if I set eyes on her."

"I earnestly hope you may succeed," said his father. "I will lend you every aid in that search. I intend to go to the almshouse this very day, and learn if any trace can be found there."

"I want you to come with me, first, to Mr. Leonard's store," said Will. "It's about time we was telling him our plans."

An hour later found them in Mr. Leonard's private office. Mr. Fitter was present, and there had been a long debate on the subject of the robbery.

"The merchant had been apprised of Will's good fortune, and met his father with much pleasure."

"I hope you intend to let Will continue with me," he said. "He is going to make a good business man, and I should be sorry to lose him."

"I may let him return to you in the end," said Mr. Somers. "At present I feel it necessary to give him an education."

"I cannot object to that," said Mr. Leonard. "I want to find my lost sister Jennie, afore I strike into anything else," said Will.

"Jennie. Was that her name?" asked Mr. Leonard, curiously.

"Yes," said Mr. Somers. "The villain who carried off my children seems to have done no effort to change their names. He seems to have trusted to the distance he brought them, to hide them from me."

"I have made inquiries at the almshouse," said Mr. Fitter, "as I promised you to do. They have found the admission of two children, William and Jennie Somers, with date given. There is only one other record about them. Will ran away a few years afterward."

"And Jennie?" asked Will, laughing at the thought of his early exploit. "She was taken out of the almshouse, and sent to her father's house."

"Yes, she was taken out," continued the detective. "By whom I could not learn. She was adopted by a party who refused to let his name go into the record. He wished to hide all trace of his origin."

"But the date is there," said Mr. Leonard, in some excitement. "What date is given?"

"The 3d of September, 18—,"

"Come with me," he said briefly. "He led the way through the store and into the street at rapid pace, giving no intimation of his object, but evidently in a state of growing excitement."

He continued at this pace for a considerable distance through the streets, finally stopping before a private house in a fashionable locality.

Ring the bell with a nervous pull, they were speedily admitted into the house.

Mr. Leonard had asked to see Miss Arlington, and they were ushered into the parlor, while the servant went for the lady.

In a minute she returned, and Miss Arlington was ushered into their presence. She was pale and haggard looking, and had evidently suffered much from the revelation which her guardian had made her.

She looked in surprise upon the party who had called to see her. Two of them, at least, were utter strangers, and she could not conjecture the object of this visit.

"We have called," said Mr. Leonard, "on important business. But first let me introduce you to Mr. Fitter and Mr. Somers."

"Mr. Somers," said Mr. Leonard, looking from him to Will, who sat beside him.

"I told you once that I had lost my parents," said Will, "or they had lost me, which comes to the same thing. I have found my father."

"I have found my son," said Mr. Somers, looking proudly on his boy. "Were but my daughter returned to me, my cup of happiness would be full."

"I congratulate you both on your good fortune," said Jennie, with much interest. "I am sure you will have reason to be proud of my young friend, Will."

"I have no doubt of that," said the happy father.

"I have," said Will. "Folks, so far, ain't felt overly proud of me."

"But you wished to see me on business," she said, turning to her guardian.

"Yes," he replied, "in reference to the matter I mentioned to you at our last meeting."

A look of deep displeasure came upon her face.

"Let that matter die," she said briefly. "It is enough to have told it to me. Do you wish to publish it to the world?"

"I need not go beyond the parties present," said Will. "And why so far as that?" she sharply asked.

"What is it their affair? I can see no necessity of this."

"I will tell you why, Jennie. I have learned something important connected with you, since I saw you last. It is necessary to broach it before these gentlemen, who are already conversant with the facts."

"I can see no necessity, and must decline having my affairs publicly canvassed," she coldly replied.

Mr. Somers was involuntarily leaning forward in his seat, and devouring the face of the young lady with hungry, eager eyes. He seemed to forget all present in his absorbing interest.

"Listen, then, to another story," said Mr. Leonard, quietly. "Mr. Somers here has had in his life experience the greatest misfortune. He is a gentleman of great wealth, and surrounded with all that generally makes life de-

sirable. Yet with it all he has been very unhappy. His wife died; his two children, a boy and a girl, were stolen from him by an enemy; his whole life has been devoted to the finding of these lost treasures."

"I am glad to see that he has partly succeeded," said Jennie, looking with new feeling into the handsome, cultured face of the old gentleman.

Mr. Somers had broken from his wrapt regard of her features, on attention being directed to him.

"We have just learned," continued Mr. Leonard, "that the villain who carried off the children left them in the almshouse here in Philadelphia—dying their helpless."

"A quick thought flashed across Jennie's mind. She grew pale, and sunk back in her chair. She was beginning to guess the object of this revelation."

"They were left there under their own names, William and Jennie Somers," continued Mr. Leonard, fixing his eyes upon her intently listening ward. "The life there did not please young Will. He took occasion, after losing his sister, to run away from the institution. He is now before you."

"After losing his sister," she repeated, abstractedly, and feeling she had never before experienced coming upon her as she continued to gaze at Mr. Somers.

"Yes. The sister was removed from the institution, on the 3d of September, 18—, by a gentleman, who was attracted by her beautiful face and charming manners. He adopted her as his daughter, giving her his name, and concealing the facts of her origin."

"Yes," said Jennie, listening to his words with breathless interest.

"On the 3d of September, 18—," continued Mr. Leonard, "a friend of mine, Mr. James Arlington, adopted from the almshouse a young child, giving her his own name of Arlington, but retaining her original name of Jennie Somers. She is now known, in her full name, as Jennie Somers Arlington, and is the heiress to Mr. Arlington's estate, I being her guardian."

Mr. Somers had risen and approached Jennie with a motion as if drawn by some unseen force.

"Is this possible?" she murmured, resting with one hand upon her chair, which shook with nervous emotion. Mr. Arlington not my father! This gentleman my father!"

"Yes, she is my daughter—my Jennie!" he cried. "I know her now, her face, her eyes! She is the image of her poor mother!"

He had clasped her in his arms, but she held him off, while her large, eager eyes gazed with devouring intenceness upon his face, as if not quite believing in this sudden revelation, yet drawn toward him and longing for his love.

Will, with his usual impulsiveness, broke the suspense.

"Didn't I tell you so?" he shouted. "I knowed you was my Jennie! Felt it in my bones. My dear, sweet, lost sister Jennie!"

Clasping her in his arms with a bear-like hug, he kissed her with a boy's earnest though boisterous affection, his whole face thrilled with love for his new-found sister.

"This is our father, Jennie—yours and mine," said Mr. Somers, pushing her into the old man's arms. "Don't be doubting that. There ain't such another nice old father in Philadelphia."

She yielded to the old man's embrace, tears springing to her eyes as she felt his gentle kiss upon her lips.

"I have never had father or mother," she murmured. "Mr. Arlington was kind to me, but he never seemed to me like my real father. I know why now. I feel it in my heart that I have at last found my own father."

The warmest congratulations followed. Mr. Leonard was quick to forgive in the joy of this moment, and she turned to him with all her old impulsive affection.

"You only want John Elkton to make you perfectly happy," he said, smiling. "He is out of prison now, and I suppose is hunting this town over for his betrothed."

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

A LONG and confidential interview ensued between Mr. Somers and his two newly-recovered children. It was not easy for Jennie to take in the fact of her new relations. Such a sudden and surprising revelation naturally troubled her, and it was only by degrees that the last lingering doubts faded from her mind.

There was something very gentle and lovable about the old man, and she felt herself strongly drawn toward him. To Will, also, she had felt from the first a sense of attraction, which had caused her to like him despite his rudeness.

Gradually the belief strengthened upon her that this was indeed her father and her brother, and she grew very happy as she sat listening to the old man's story of his past life, and remembrances of their dead mother.

Only one lingering uneasiness dwelt upon her mind, and that was dispelled. A ring at the door, and an announcement of a gentleman to see her, and she was ushered into the presence, and clasped in the embrace of John Elkton.

"Let me congratulate you, dear Jennie," he said. "I have met Mr. Leonard. He has told me the surprising change in your relations. I am glad to learn that you have found a new father."

"Is it not strange, John?" she murmured, yielding to his caresses; "and so sudden. I have hardly got accustomed to the thought yet, though I am growing to love him. You know all."

A shadow of doubt as to how he would view her almshouse experience came upon her.

"I know all," he replied. "You are from the almshouse and I from the prison. If there is any disgrace attaches to either of us it is to me."

"No, indeed, you brave, noble fellow," she cried, warmly, kissing him. "I love you for what you did. Every one will respect you that you were willing to suffer for your friend."

"I don't care a thing about that," he said. "I discovered it," she answered.

"Yes. On my visit to the prison I learned that Jesse Powers was the man who gave you the silk."

"Mr. Somers certainly told you nothing of the kind!" he exclaimed.

"No, but I found it out. I am a better detective than you think," she said laughing. "Sit down here and I will tell you all about it."

John was surprised and delighted at her shrewdness, as she told how she had arrived at his concealed knowledge, and described her interview with his false friend.

"I have not been very much deceived in Jesse Powers," he said. "But I felt that it was not for me to expose him. I owed him a debt which honor forced me to repay in the way I did."

"It was a noble action," she replied. "A half hour afterward the two happy lovers sought the presence of the father and brother, who were waiting for them in the parlor."

It was an embarrassing task for Jennie to introduce her lover to a father who was almost a stranger, although she had felt toward him the impulses of natural love.

But Will took all the trouble of the introduction off of her hands.

"Hail! I've caught you now, Jennie," he cried, with a quizzical laugh. "This is the young man that I wanted you to throw overboard. Father, this is our Jennie's beau, and a first-rate fellow, you can bet!"

Mr. Somers looked with some doubt from one to the other.

"Will is right," said Jennie, in a low tone, and deeply blushing. "Mr. Elkton and I have been engaged for some time. I wish now to present him to my new father."

"And I hope he may prove a dutiful son," said Elkton, as he warmly grasped Mr. Somers' extended hand. "I love your daughter so well, sir, that I cannot but transfer part of my affection to her father."

"I do not know you," said the father, with a happy smile, "but I must trust in the choice of my daughter, and in the discretion of Mr. Leonard."

"And in Mr. Elkton's face," cried Will. "That's a passport to honesty."

"Thank you," said John, turning and offering his hand to the impulsive boy. "You have placed me under obligations to live out the promise of my face."

"Told Jennie once I was bound to cut you out," said Will. "Guess now though that I'll let you have her. She's a good girl. Make much of her."

"She is all the world to me," said John, turning and taking the hand of the blushing girl.

It was a happy family party which time and fortune had thus resulted, after a life of many vicissitudes, and it is time we should leave them, and seek other less happy inmates of our story.

The capture of the burglars was an event which produced a considerable sensation in police circles, and Mr. Fitter gained great praise for his shrewdness in working out this case. Of course Will's share in the business was credited to him, and quietly accepted.

A complete search of Black-eyed Joe's domicile brought to light the fruits of other burglaries. It was evident that the thing had been of long continuance, the goods being gradually sold as fast as they could safely be put on the market. The goods had been sold cheap on the pretense of being smuggled.

JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

BY JOHN HAY.

Well, no! I can't tell what he lives.
Because he don't live, you see.
Least ways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
What have you been for the last three year
That you have a heart folks tell
How Jim Bludso passed in his cheeks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Satchel-under-the-hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A keelless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row;
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knew how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle ag'in the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp.
And her day come at last.
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a bigger squat on her safety valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar.
And burnt a hole in the night sky.
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer bank on the right.
There was running and cursing, but Jim yell-
ed out:
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle ag'in the bank
Till the last soul got ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his command.
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's y'are born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chances with Jim.
Longside of some pious gentlemans
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it that and then.
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

"Yes, sir," Bludso continued, speaking at the top of his voice. "You bet me like a man, and like a little man I went in and lost it! You see that he hadn't any fun in him, but he's chock full of fun, fuller'n a tick, you bet! First he histed me up 'n' wiped me 'round in the mud, jes' as if I didn't cost nothin', an' wasn't worth a cent, nohow; an' then he fit me with eggs—basted me all over 'n' 'em, jes' as if I were a durned slice of ham 'n' wine to be fried, an' when he got through, bay-rum and cognac were nowhar; then he smacked my face an' patted me in the stomach, an' tickled me in the throat, an' had more good ole fun wid me 'n'—wa-l, I'm satisfied, I am! 'Thar ain't nothin' of the hog 'bout me. When a man flaxes me 'til I can't stand, I'm allers satisfied that 'vo got enough. You see that thar wasn't no fun in him, but thar is, an' I owe you thirty dollars, an' of you'll lend me two cents fur a stamp I'll g'n you my note at ninety days for the ducats!"

The bystanders had listened to this long rigamarole in great astonishment. Nearly all within the room knew that both of the two men—Montana and the major—were admirers of the pretty storekeeper, Mercedes Kirkley, and they easily guessed that a woman was at the bottom of the mischief.

The men of Deadwood were shrewd fellows, and like the old sultan in the Eastern tale, who cried out, "Seek for the woman!" whenever any trouble came to his knowledge, they fully believed that in nine cases out of ten, sweet, bewitching woman is to blame for all mischief in this world.

The major was red with rage, and with both hands he nervously grasped his revolver, but, situated as he was with his back to Montana, he was at a fearful disadvantage if the miner chose to assume the offensive.

But Montana never stirred; he was leaning quietly on the counter, Hallowell's big form between him and the soldier. Only the peculiar pallor of his face—a sure sign of terrible anger to those that knew his ways—and the ominous sparkle of his eyes betrayed aught of interest in the scene in which, it was plain to all, he must be a prominent actor.

The keeper of the place, forsaking the farcical over which he had been presiding, hurried forward. He saw that there was going to be trouble, and he resolved that he should not take place on his premises if he could prevent it.

The lookers-on took advantage of the advance of the landlord to quietly get out of the range of fire.

In these impromptu encounters it's ten to one that the bystanders get hit before the principals.

"Hold on, gentlemen!" old John Brown exclaimed, striding in between the two. "I won't have any shooting-match in my place. The last fight in hyer cost me fifty dollars for lookin'-glasses and fixin's. If you must make a crack at each other go outside!"

"I reckon that you don't see me handling any weapons, Mr. Brown," Montana observed, never moving in the least from his lounging position, and with both hands thrust into his pockets.

Neither Brown nor any one else in the room could say with truth that they saw Montana handling weapons, and they rather wondered that he took matters so easy, weaponless—without means of defense—and the major grasping a revolver butt with each hand. The odds seemed all against the miner.

But Montana was no fool, neither was he a child to walk weaponless in the midst of armed men. The pockets in the hunting-shirt-like coat were dummy ones—merely slits through which the hands went, and on the thigh of each leg was a secreted revolver.

Montana's hands, apparently in his pockets, grasped two revolvers. No need to draw the hammer back to prepare for action, for they were self-cocking weapons, and a single pull on the trigger raised the hammer and dispatched the ball.

And if the major had attempted to commence hostilities, relying upon the fact that the miner was apparently unarmed, long before the soldier could have cocked his weapons, Montana would have put a ball through him with the self-cockers.

"Go outside, gentlemen!" the saloon-keeper continued. "You can't fight hyer! I ain't a-fittin' up club-houses every day in the week, and lookin'-glasses cost a small fortune in this hyer town."

Montana straightened himself up and took a step forward; Germaine drew his weapon in an instant, but old John Brown was as quick as the soldier, and as he had previously cocked his revolver he had the advantage.

"None of that, major!" he cried. "Ef thar's goin' to be any shootin', I reckon that I'll have first fire! I'm a peacemaker, I am! and I'll jest salivate the first man that crooks his fingers fur a fight in this hyer shanty! I ain't a-goin' to have my property destroyed!"

Old John Brown was thoroughly in earnest; he meant business every time, to use the terse expression common to the frontier. He had the soldier at a disadvantage, and the major knew it.

It was rough though—miner lingo again—for Germaine felt sure that he had the best of the little Montana man, and that before the miner could draw a weapon he could easily send him to that long home from whence the traveler returns not.

"As far as I am concerned, your property, Mr. Brown, is in no danger, unless I am attacked, and then I most assuredly will defend myself to the best of my ability," Montana said.

"Thar ain't a-goin' to be any attacking in this hyer shanty now, you kin bet all your rocks onto that!" the landlord exclaimed, decidedly. "As I said afore, I'm a peacemaker, I am! and I reckon 'I'll lay the first man out that crooks his we'pon colder'n a wedge. If you must fight, cl'ar out into the street, and don't go to disturbing the peace and good order of my establishment!"

"As I have just said, Mr. Brown, as far as I am concerned there will be no trouble in your place, unless I am forced to protect myself," Montana observed, in his full, deep voice, yet which was clear as the tone of a silver bell. "Maybe Major Tremaine thinks that he has the best of me, seeing that his weapon is out and mine is not; but we can tell that better after the skirmish is over. I don't jump on any man unawares; I'm not that kind of a man, but if I was, I reckon I could have settled the major's hash when he had his back to me and before he had time to draw his revolver. There is a reckoning to come between us, and I made up my mind when he entered that door to-night that I would have a few plain words with him before he went out. This big mule-driver here has brought things to a focus a little sooner than I intended, but it don't matter much, anyhow. I reckon that there's a few in the room now that know what I am driving at."

Half a dozen men in the crowd exchanged glances. They had been present when Germaine had denounced Montana during the early part of the evening, and of course they understood the miner's meaning.

"Major Germaine," said Montana, fixing his clear, fearless eyes full upon the soldier's face, "I have been told that in this very room that evening you said in public that I was a rascal, and but little better than a thief, and that if you caught me playing cards with, and seeing, any man of your command, you would have me drummed out of town. Is that true?"

"I do not admit that you have any right to question me!" the soldier exclaimed, contemptuously. "And as for anything that I may have said, I am generally able to back up my words."

"That is exactly what I want!" Montana replied, a peculiar light beginning to sparkle in his dark eyes. "I want to find out first if you said those words, and if you did—as I fully believe—I'm going to make you back them up. Now then, as man to man, I ask you, did you say I was a rascal and but little better than a thief, and that, in a certain case, you would have me drummed out of town?"

"Yes, I did!" cried Germaine, red in the face with rage; and I will, too; I'll be as good as my word! There's too many chaps of your kidney about this town now, and I intend to make a public example of you on the first opportunity."

"Oh, you do!" retorted Montana, sarcastically. "How long since I enlisted in your regiment, eh? or how long you gave me over a free American citizen? You drum me out of town! Well, I reckon that it will take all the blue-coats that you've got up yonder in your durned old fort, or I mistake the men of Deadwood mightily. Major Tremaine, I've got just about ten words to say to you, and I'll make those ten words good with my body; you are a blackguard and a liar!"

And then there came an ominous silence in the room; just for the moment that succeeded Montana's ringing defiance all within the apartment were still as mice; you could have heard a pin drop.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RETRACT OR FIGHT.

GERMAINE had thrust his revolver half-way back into its holster, but with the defiance so boldly uttered by the miner again he drew forth the weapon; the major had little idea that Montana's strong right hand clasped securely the butt of the self-cocker, and that, long before he could have raised the hammer of his weapon, Montana's bullet would have pierced him through and through.

Lucky was it then for Major Germaine that old John Brown interfered to stay the strife.

"Hold on, major; quit fingerin' that 'we'pon, or by the holy smoke! I'll put a ball plumb through you!" the landlord yelled; and there was no mistaking old Brown's determination. That he would be as good as his word not a man within the room doubted.

"Oh, let 'em skate!" the boss bullwhacker howled, at the top of his lungs. "Wot kind of a hairpin air you, anyway, old Brown, to spile the fun! I'll bet fourteen thousand dollars that both on 'em misses the first heat, an' that two outside cons, wid no consens in the 'b'llin', gits it!"

"I am insulted!" the soldier cried, in a great rage.

"I reckon that you commenced the fuss, major," old John Brown answered. The commander of the post was no favorite among the men of Deadwood. To use the expressions common among the miners, "he was too fresh!" "put on too much style!" "acted as if he was the boss of the town!" To sum all up in a single sentence, the jealousy and ill-feeling which generally exist in a fortified town between the garrison and the inhabitants were pretty strong in Deadwood. The soldiers looked upon the miners as interlopers, and openly said that they had no business at all in the Black Hills, and that if it wasn't for their warlike presence, the savage Sioux nation would slaughter them like sheep.

Upon their part, the miners retorted that they were strong enough to whip all the Indians combined west of the Missouri, and that the blue-coats weren't worth shucks, anyway, in an Indian fight, and that they put on a heap of airs, acting as if they owned the town, and that Deadwood would be well rid of their company and would get on much better without them.

Few friends had the soldier in this quarrel; public opinion was almost entirely on Montana's side.

"No use of mixin' this hyer matter up, major," the landlord continued; "you commenced the fuss; I heered you myself, and I reckoned at the time that you were a leetle hasty in your remarks, but that is your affair and not mine; you're playing the game."

"Yes, and now that I've 'chipped' in, I 'call' you, major, and I want a 'sight' for my money!" Montana exclaimed, using the cant words peculiar to the famous game of poker.

"And suppose I refuse to accede to your request?" the soldier asked, a sneer upon his lips.

"Oh, I reckon that you won't refuse!" Montana exclaimed, quickly.

"Of course!" yelled Mr. Bludso. "Thunder an' lightning! a man's got to fite, when he's asked, 'cept with eggs—I bar eggs, every time!"

"Well, I don't know about that!" Germaine retorted, scornfully.

"It's either retract or fight!" the miner replied, calmly, but with evident determination in his voice.

"Oh, fite first—allers fite first an' 'plain arterwards!" cried Bludso; the Pot of the Niobrara was afraid that the affair would be settled peaceably. "Oh, go fur him, sodger, chap! I'll go you the thirty ducats I owe you that he flaxes you the first heat; he kin do it, he kin; chock full of fun, b'llin' over; he kin fite any polecat in the world in his own language!"

"Suppose I refuse to do either?" Germaine questioned. "I am commander of this post, and in the course of my official duties I am often called upon to pass judgment upon all sorts of rascals, and if I am obliged to fight every rogue that I judge, my hands would be full."

"Oh, you haven't judged me yet, Major Germaine!" Montana quickly replied, for the first time showing traces of passion in his face. "You have gone out of your way to attack my character, and now that I call you to an account for words openly spoken, you can't plead your rank as a privilege for your speech."

As a man you stood up in this room and lied about me; that you spoke, and not as Major Germaine, commander of this district; and as for that matter, if you were Sherman himself, the general-in-chief of the whole United States army, you shouldn't call me a rascal without being brought to a reckoning!"

"Sartin—of course!" cried Bludso, bent on mischief; "step up to the captain's office an' settle! Thar's the talk! Oh, sodger, you said that thar wasn't no fun in him when he was chock-full of it. I were a stranger an' you roped me in. He mashed eggs over me, he did! an' I'm open to bet any man forty thousand dollars to the wag of a mule's tail that he'll all fite from his teeth to his toes all!" You hear my horn!"

"I reckon, major, that you hadn't ought to call a man names unless you kin either prove it or air willin' to fight," suggested an old gray-bearded miner in the crowd.

"Certainly!" exclaimed General Baltimore Bowie, who had been fast asleep with his head on a table at the back part of the room—the effect of too strong potatoes early in the evening—and who, waking up, had just comprehended what was going on; "it is a sound principle of law"—and the general advanced to the front of the saloon with uplifted finger—"that a judge cannot be called to account in private life for acts done upon the judicial seat; his ermined robes protect him; there is a divinity that doth hedge a judge—"

"I reckon that the major don't sit in judgment here!" exclaimed Montana, shortly, interrupting the old lawyer.

"Right, my young friend with the hirsute ornaments!" returned the general; "in private life a judge is but a man, and, as a man, must answer for his words and acts."

"Sartin sure, let 'em fite!" demanded the bullwhacker. "He sed he had no fun in him; let him try it on and see how it is himself!"

"Retract or fight!" was Montana's curt and aggressive call.

"And if I refuse to do either?" queried the major, loftily.

"Why, I'll force you to; I'll smack you across the face with my hand the first time I meet you, and, in addition, I'll post you through the whole town as a coward who is brave enough to assail a man behind his back, but who fears to make good his words to his face!"

The soldier uttered a cry of rage; it was very evident that he was frightfully excited.

"You shall have what you seek!" he cried. "I'll save the hangman a job!"

"Oh, keep your temper!" Montana retorted; "you are disgrace to the uniform you wear, and I reckon that you never came to your rank by fair means, anyhow."

"It's to be a fight, then?" John Brown asked.

"Of course!" Bludso cried; "don't you see that both on 'em are sp'llin' fur it? Oh, my everlastin' gizzard! I'll bet any mule in my team that it will be sudden death when they gits at it!"

"Thar's a bright moon outside, and I'll fix the thing, if both on you will be so kind and obliging as to step outside and settle it, instead of sp'ilin' my plunder!" the landlord remarked.

"All right," Montana assented.

"I am satisfied," the major added.

"The major is to leave here first and take his position at the post-office, right in the middle of the street; then Montana is to march down a hundred paces. When you are both in position, I'll warn the folks to keep out of the way and give the signal to fire by counting one, two, three, fire! You kin advance at one and fire at three. I s'pose that neither one of you want a stopping time fixed!" and old Brown looked inquiringly at the soldier as he asked the question.

"No, time enough to stop when one of us is disabled," answered Germaine, fiercely.

"All right," turn out then, boys, for the shootin'-match, and pass the word to clear the street!" Brown commanded.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE UNSEEN WITNESS.

OUT into the moonlit street poured the crowd from the saloon, each and every man anxious to see the fight.

It was not every day that the good people of Deadwood had a chance to witness a "first class" affair.

Impromptu "shooting-matches" were common enough, the principal actors therein being, as a general rule, drunken miners from the neighboring foot-hills, brave fellows enough,

and always well armed; but their skill in handling the sharp-shooting revolvers was nothing to boast of. Two-thirds of them could hardly hit the side of a barn a hundred feet away, and although their intentions were good enough, and their desire for "blood" strong, yet not one time out of ten was there any damage done. There was plenty of yelling, "lots" of swearing, and a great amount of bloodthirsty talk; but, somehow, the matter was generally settled, after the desperate shooters had emptied the contents of their revolvers at each other, without doing the slightest bit of damage—excepting that, for the time being, the unlucky passers-by were compelled to take refuge behind the corners of the neighboring shanties, and wait for the close of the "fun" by all hands adjourning to the nearest saloon—and saloons were very near, always—and sinking enmity in a bowl of the potent bugle, as whisky is commonly termed in the Black Hills.

But Deadwood "saw another sight," when Major Germaine, the rather unpopular United States officer, and the miner, Montana, of the Little Montana Mine, stepped forth to mortal combat.

No drunken miners this time—no bullwhackers, eager for blood, but quite willing to be content with whisky instead, no brawling, swearing men, affrighting the ears of the night with their hoarse cries, and waking the slumbering sleepers with a start and snort of alarm, producing the impression that Deadwood's magic city was in the hands of Sitting Bull and his red gang.

"Business now, boys!" General Baltimore Bowie remarked, as he filed out of the saloon with the crowd. "Jest old business, gentlemen, and I'm open to bet an even thousand dollars that the major wings him. By Jove! he can shoot, he can! I've seen him snuff a tallow candle at thirteen paces nine times out of ten!"

"Oh, what are you givin' us?" cried the boss bullwhacker, in supreme disgust. "He was right behind the general. 'Thar sodger is a fraud! He beat me outen thirty dollars. He sed that thar air miner chap hadn't any fun in him. No fun! Boys, the hind leg of a well regulated mule is a fool to the muscle that's in his arm. Say, old snooter!" and in this undignified manner he addressed the general, "I'll go you four thousand dollars that Montana plugs him the first heat!"

"Make it an even ten thousand dollars and I'm your man," replied the general, with that urbanity which so distinguished him.

"An' I'll hold the money, bedad!" the little Irishman, Paddy Red, exclaimed.

He had just arrived upon the scene of action, attracted by the crowd.

"Oh, give us a rest!" cried an irreverent mocker in the crowd. "You couldn't either one of you pass out five dollars, if it were to save yer!"

Loudly the Man from-Shian protested that his personal check was good for a million, and the general denounced the aspersion as a slander, and declared that nothing but the blood of the offender would satisfy his wounded honor; but the two duellists were pacing off toward their appointed stations, and all banter ceased; the crowd were too anxious to see the fight to joke the worthies who were betting dollars when they lacked cents.

It was late, and all the stores in the town, with the exception of the whisky shops, were closed; but on the frontier whisky, like water, flows forever. Few people in the street, either, although there were still plenty of miners carousing in the different saloons, but the arrangements for the duel were proceeding so quietly that no commotion was excited.

Few, therefore, were present to witness the fight beside the loungers who had been within the club house when the trouble had commenced.

But of the witnesses attracted by the unusual crowd gathered at such an hour, there were two who commanded a full view of the ground, and yet whose presence was not suspected by any one.

And these two unseen and unsuspected witnesses were women—rivals, too, if the gossip of Deadwood could be believed, who said that pretty Mercedes Kirkley was "sweet" on good-looking William Jones, the "Montana" of the Little Montana Mine.

Mercedes' store had been closed about nine o'clock, as usual, and after putting up the shutters, designed more to protect the glass of the show-window from stray bullets, "rocks," big sticks, etc.—the common playthings of the sportive miner, dangerous, even in his drunken mirth, as a playful bear, and about as clumsy—the Chinese man-of-all-work had retired; his bed under the counter, there to sweetly dream of the day when he should return to the flat plains of his own loved eastern land, rich with the spoils of the western barbarians, safe from the jeers and thumps of the "Mellancan man."

The bower of Mercedes was in the second story; just a little "cubby-hole" sort of a room, but large enough to hold content, apparently, for the girl had fixed it up so that it looked as neat as a pin.

Instead of proceeding directly to bed, as was her usual custom, Mercedes took a seat by one little window, which looked out upon the moonlit street, resting her head, in a dreamy sort of way, against the corner of the easement.

And there she sat until the minutes lengthened into hours, and the great moon came slowly up to her supreme altitude, and the street became quiet, deserted even by the tired miner, meandering with uncertain steps toward his rude cabin in the mountain gulch.

Lulled by the quiet of the balmy night, Mercedes had half closed her eyes in slumber—a dreamy trance wherein one face was ever before her, one voice ringing in her ears.

The noise of the sudden irruption of the crowd from the club room into the street aroused her, recalled her wandering fancies, and she rose, with a half sigh—for the dreamlike reverie had been far sweeter than her waking thoughts—to retire to rest.

"Oh, no, it cannot be!" she murmured. "I am foolish to even think of such a thing. My oath to the dead and gone binds me. What have I to do with love! It has ever been to me a torment not a blessing. And what dreadful taint is it that licks within my blood that I should care for the man that I ought to hate!"

And Mercedes, gazing with vacant eyes out into the street, now bathed in the moon's broad beams, murmuring these disconnected sentences with white lips, suddenly saw a sight that caused her heart to beat with unwonted quickness.

Out from the little crowd came two men, the revolvers in their hands shining brightly in the moonlight; one paced slowly up the street, the other in the opposite direction.

At the first glance Mercedes recognized the two. Familiar to her eyes indeed were the forms of Major Germaine and Montana, the miner.

The girl was too used to the customs of the

border not to understand the meaning of this prelude; it was the beginning of a tragedy!

"They are about to fight!" she murmured, "and for what cause?" and then over her brain swept a sickening thought. The soldier hated the miner, and she would be blind, indeed, not to guess why he hated him.

"Oh, better that I were dead and sleeping by Juliet's side in the quiet grave than that he should peril his life on my account!" she cried, despairingly. "Oh, worthless girl that I am to put his life in peril, and yet, wretched creature! I feel sometimes as if I ought to kill him with my own hand, and so avenge Juliet's wrongs!"

Spell-bound at the window the girl posed, unable to tear herself away.

And the other woman—gazing, too, with staring eyes, but with eyes fiercely set in their glare?

It was the tawny beauty, Dianora Campbell.

Her hotel was on the opposite side of the street, just below the club room, and as chance would have it, she had been sitting by the side of the window, waiting for her father to return, when the little crowd came pouring out of the saloon into the street.

"Oh, it's my stubborn gentleman again!" she exclaimed. "If that officer hits him, good-by to my plans then! What a fool he is to risk his life against that man, who is probably a dead shot! Well, if he's killed, I shan't have the pleasure of conquering him, that's all. He'll be the first man that ever escaped me, that I made up my mind to have!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

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BY JOE JOY, JR.

Dress half all morning, such is fate,
Then enter church some minutes late.
All eyes will then be turned on you,
And will observe your bonnet new.

Let humble modesty wreath your face,
And take your seat with faultless grace.
Let all your thoughts be fixed on high,
And rearrange your cardinal tie.

Think how religion's prone to bless,
And criticize your neighbor's dress.

Let all your heart be filled with praise,
And notice Mrs. Miggle's lace.

Put from your mind all thoughts of sin,
And readjust your diamond pin.

Think of how good religion proves,
And then smooth out your buttoned gloves.

Catch well the precepts as they fall,
And smooth the wrinkles in your shawl.

Think of the sinner's fearful fate,
And notice if your bonnet's straight.

Pray for the influence divine,
That lady's basque, mark the design.

Let tender peace possess your mind,
And criticize that hat behind.

Reflect on Christian graces dear,
And fix those curls beside your ear.

Let your heart warm with silent prayer,
And view that horrid green silk there.

Reflect upon the wicked's ways,
See if your gold chain's out of place.

Think of the peace the good shall find,
And wonder who are sitting behind.

Think of the burdens Christians bear,
And notice those strange ladies there.

Humble in spirit strive to feel,
And wonder if that lace is real.

The last words hear with contrite heart,
And fix your pull-back when you start.

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,

AUTHOR OF "LANCIE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

XL

WHAT did Pawnee-Killer want with Custer? It soon came out that he asked for another talk with the Big Chief, and came to propose a meeting: in sight of the two forces by the river-bank, to which each person should be entitled to bring only six companions. Custer at once consented, but, suspecting treachery, ordered a whole squadron to be ready, mounted, just outside of the camp, awaiting the signal of the bugle to charge, full speed.

Then, with five officers and a bugler, he went down to the bank to meet Pawnee-Killer. Every man of the party had his revolver stuck loosely in his belt, and had his hand on it all through the interview, a precaution soon found to be very necessary.

Pawnee-Killer came swaggering in, with seven chiefs, instead of six, and opened the conversation by shaking hands with a sonorous "How." Then all the chiefs went through the same operation, and the talk commenced through an interpreter.

Pawnee-Killer wanted to know how long the soldiers were going to stay, and whether he couldn't get some more coffee and sugar out of the Big Chief, that was all.

As soon as Custer could command his face, for he could not help laughing at the outrageous coolness of the Indian, he angrily retorted by asking how the chief dared to try and steal his horses that morning.

Pawnee-Killer took matters very coolly. He thought it was hardly worth disputing about. He wanted to know how long the soldiers would stay there, as they disturbed the buffalo. A coffee and sugar to spare! Pawnee-Killer very great chief. Chiefs like sugar, love white brothers. Got any to spare!

Custer returned a decided negative. Wanted to know when Pawnee-Killer would come into the fort, as he had promised.

Pawnee-Killer couldn't say. Some time, by-and-by. Wasn't sure he could go at all, unless he got some coffee and sugar.

The other bank was lined with Indians, loafing around, and just then one of them came wading over the stream, and walked up to Custer, to shake hands and say "How." Several more were preparing to follow, and Custer realized that treachery was intended.

He turned to Pawnee-Killer, and pointed to the bugler.

"Just order your men back, chief," he said, in English, "or my man will blow his trumpet, and bring down all my soldiers."

As he spoke the bugler, an intelligent fellow, raised his bugle to sound, and Pawnee-Killer looked disturbed. It was clear the chief understood English. Without waiting for the interpreter, he ordered his men back, and began to withdraw sulkily.

"White chief, big fool!" was his parting greeting, as he waded into the river, and Custer mounted his horse and rode back. The young General had learned his second lesson in Indian warfare. After that he never indulged in talks with hostile chiefs, unless he felt sure he had the whip-hand of them. Pawnee-Killer had given him his last instructions in treachery, and he never trusted an Indian again.

The whole of the Seventh Cavalry was therefore mounted, and started to attack Pawnee-Killer and his band. As soon as the chief saw Custer was in earnest he fled with all his men, though they were more than half as numerous again as the regiment; and before half an hour was over not an Indian was to be seen. The rapidity with which they vanished was surprising to Custer at the time, but in after years he found the secret to be very simple.

Every Indian, going to war, takes two ponies, at least, one to travel with, one to fight from. On these he carries nothing. The soldiers have only one horse apiece on which to follow, and each horse is loaded down with clothes and forage and provisions. Every few miles the Indians can change horses; so there is no wonder that he goes the fastest. Being in their own country, too, the Indians can scatter and hide, which the whites cannot do without getting into trouble.

Of this last maneuver they had a notable instance that very afternoon. Custer returned to camp after a fruitless chase, and very soon more Indians came in sight on the opposite side to that on which they were spies in the morning. There were only about twenty, and Custer sent out a troop of fifty men to chase them off. The Indians moved slowly off, and the troop followed, and scattered, as the Indians scattered.

No sooner were the two parties of soldiers about a mile apart than at least a hundred In-

came out of the numerous narrow ravines, hid in the prairie, and galloped down on the smallest of the parties.

The officer in command at once dismounted three out of every four men, had the horses led in a little column in the middle, deployed his dismounted men in a circle of skirmishers, and so fought his way back to camp.

Had the Indians been white troops, they would have charged and ridden right over the little band; but, being Indians, they had their peculiar weakness, which is this: they cannot stand a close fight where they must lose men. They always try to kill their enemies without losing any of their own warriors, and that makes them cowardly in some things, while they are brave in others. So they kept circling round the little troop at full speed, shooting away and hardly ever hitting anything, while the soldiers, firing slowly, from the ground, managed to kill two Indians and wound two others, before they reached camp. The other party was not attacked.

Some days after, Custer's wagon-train, which he had sent to Fort Wallace under a guard of fifty men, to get provisions for a longer scout, was attacked by seven hundred Indians, who fought in just the same way, circling round and round. The officer in command saved his men in just the same way as the first-mentioned had done, by putting his horses in the middle, between two columns of wagons, and deploying his dismounted skirmishers all round the train. He also beat off the Indians: so that in this campaign Custer and the Seventh Cavalry found out a good deal about how to fight Indians, a lesson of which they often afterward availed themselves. They learned that they could not successfully fight mounted, for the Indians could outride the soldiers, and the Indian ponies never got scared, while their own big horses soon became unmanageable. So they always, after that, fought on foot, round their horses, whenever they got into a tight place among Indians, and always found the plan work well.

Soon after these events, Custer proceeded on his long scout, and marched out of the Indian country, nearer the settlements. Here he got into fresh troubles from another source. His men began to desert, not one or two, but ten or a dozen at a time, and at last he found out that there was a plot for more than half the regiment to desert in a body.

One afternoon, after a march, when the horses were grazing, a party of fifteen soldiers started out in broad daylight, before their officers' faces, mounted and armed, and determined to desert. Only the guard in camp had saddled horses, and these at once pursued the deserters, one of whom was shot dead, another wounded, some more being taken prisoners. This sudden and severe treatment cowed the men, and there were no more desertions, but the result of the difficulty was much trouble for Custer, as we shall soon hear.

He pursued his march to Fort Wallace, discovering on the way the victims of a terrible Indian massacre. A young officer named Lieutenant Kidder, who was searching for Custer himself, with dispatches from General Sherman, had been caught by Pawnee-Killer's band, and killed, with every member of his party. Custer found their bodies, all stripped, and so hacked to pieces by the Indians that not one could be recognized. Such a horrible sight is never seen outside of an Indian battlefield, and Custer never forgot it. He little thought that the day would come when he and the flower of his officers and men would be found in the same condition.

He pursued his march to Fort Wallace, finding the Indians all gone out of the country; and then the question remained what next to do. The original orders for the scout were to return from Fort Wallace to Fort Hays, whence Custer first started, but the horses of the regiment were too much exhausted to march together, and the provisions and forage at Fort Wallace were found to be so bad that the men were falling sick. So Custer decided to leave the main body of his regiment there, take the best men and horses, and march to Fort Hays himself, to see General Hancock, whence he could send back good provisions for his men.

He made a march of one hundred and fifty miles in two days and a half, reaching Fort Hays, but found neither provisions nor Hancock there. Hearing that General Hancock was at Fort Harker, sixty miles off, he determined to push on with one or two officers and men, leaving his escort behind, for the road was no longer dangerous. In twelve hours more he was at Fort Harker, and found, to his surprise, that the Kansas Pacific Road had been finished to that post, which was now a railway station. There was no Hancock there either, however, no one but Custer's own colonel, old General A. J. Smith, who commanded the department.

From him Custer learned that Hancock had given up the campaign and retired to Fort Leavenworth, too far off to be followed, while active movements had been stopped for the year. General Smith gave Custer permission to send back the wagon-train to the regiment under a junior officer, and to go by railroad himself to Fort Riley, ninety miles off, where Mrs. Custer and the general's sister were living, from whom he had now been separated ever since March, it being then July, 1867.

Custer went there, supposing all was right. How rejoiced those at home were to see him, no one can tell but those who have been in similar positions, as soldiers or sailors. Within a week, however, he was rudely awakened from his dream of happiness by an order of arrest, and was soon after tried by court-martial, on some charges prepared by a personal enemy of his, who had determined to injure him.

He was charged with leaving his men to go on a journey on private business, and with excessive cruelty and illegal conduct in stopping the attempted desertions of his men by shooting a deserter. That unlucky journey to Fort Riley was made the pretext for the whole trial, and Custer was finally condemned to be suspended from rank and pay for a whole year.

Of course this was a heavy blow for the poor fellow, after trying so hard to do his duty; but he had to submit and go back to Monroe, leaving the Seventh Cavalry to go out without him, and fight the Indians next year.

As it happened, however, this very unjust sentence, passed on Custer, was the means in the end of giving him the greatest triumph of his life. He went away, and the war languished all the summer of 1868. Nobody seemed to have any success. The Indians did more mischief than they had done for years. General Hancock was removed, and General Sheridan put in his place, but even then things did not come right. The troops had the worst, the Indians the best, all the summer.

Finally, as nothing else could be done, they had to send for Custer before his year was out, and he received a telegram from Sheridan, stating that Sherman and all the officers of the Seventh had united with him to ask the Presi-

dent to send Custer back to the plains, to show the officers how to fight Indians.

The same day the order arrived from Washington, and Custer started for the West, arriving at Fort Hays the last day of September, 1868, to meet General Sheridan.

He found everything in the department in a bustle, for Sheridan had determined on something never known on the plains before his time. This was a winter campaign against the Indians, and it was to lead this campaign that he wanted Custer.

It was now that Custer approached the grandest and most successful time of all his Indian career. Sheridan's reasons for a winter campaign were founded on common sense. In the summer, the soldiers could not catch the Indians, who had plenty of ponies, fat with grass, and as much game as they could shoot. In the winter, it was different. The troops could carry along wagon-loads of oats and feed their horses, while the Indian ponies could only be kept alive down in the hollows of streams, where there were enough cottonwood trees for the animals to feed on the bark.

As it was, the poor creatures were miserably thin, and quite unable to march far, so that, if the tribe was found, it was probable the soldiers could catch them. For these reasons, Custer was to take out the Seventh Cavalry as soon as the winter set in, to hunt Indians.

We shall see how he succeeded.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

Daisy's Little Mistake.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"MADISON AVENUE, NOV. 26.

"DEAR SISTER ANNA: If you can spare my namesake and niece for two or three months I will be very glad to have her come and give me the long-talked-of visit. I have only just settled myself comfortably since my return from Europe, or would have sent for Maggie before. Hoping you will write me at once that I may expect Maggie by the twentieth, I am Your sister, Margaret Rayner."

That was the letter, written on thick, monogrammed paper, and exhalant a faint, delicious odor of daphnes, that created no little commotion in the quiet home of the Rayners at Smithville, one of those more-dead-than-alive country villages, so that it was no wonder that such an invitation, coming from such a source, created a most delightful commotion and sensation.

For three years it had been the one hope, the one anticipation of Maggie Rayner's life to go to New York on a visit to her mother's rich sister-in-law, who lived in such magnificence in her Murray Hill residence; for years Maggie had lived in expectation of this visit, when she should have new dresses to wear, and the ten-dollar bill in her pocket-book grandma Rayner had promised her, for nicknacks.

Maggie had talked of it, and boasted of it, and dreamed of it, half-fearing the while it would never come to pass—and now she was on the very threshold of the visit that promised—what!

Ordinarily a young girl would have revelled in the prospective delight of a grand good time at matinees, out carriage riding, on shopping tours, on promenades, sleigh-rides in the Park or on the Boulevard, balls at the Academy and dancing soirees at home—but Maggie Rayner, although she keenly anticipated all these, had another object entirely in view.

As she stood in her little bedroom with her aunt Margaret's letter lying open on the plain marble-covered bureau, one could see how very pretty she was, with the clear, fresh complexion that accompanies healthy, care-free seventeen, the bright, animated blue eyes, the dimpled mouth and small, even teeth that were displayed so becomingly when she laughed—which, knowing her mouth and teeth were so nearly perfect, she often did.

She was small, round and graceful, and had a habit of posing her pretty hands and wrists so that none could be left in doubt that they were pretty—and there was the secret of Maggie's keen delight in anticipation of her visit to New York; she was determined to create a sensation on the strength of her appearance, determined that all hearts of the male gender, whether previously free or captive, should at once swear allegiance to her and crown her their Destiny-Queen.

Not that she intended to herself fall in love so promiscuously—she was fully determined only to marry an elderly gentleman of handsome appearance, of great wealth and dignity and grave of manner.

Of course it would be a charmingly easy task to accomplish all this. In the first place, pretty girls as she did not make an appearance every day—city belles were haggard and hollow-eyed and passed compared to her own fresh bloom and prettiness—Maggie knew that, because she had read in the story-papers how they always went into the country to win back the roses dissipation had stolen from their cheeks.

Besides, her entire into society under the wing of the rich Miss Rayner was of itself a passport of success to her, who was Miss Rayner's namesake, and in all probability, her heiress.

Last, and best, there would be no rivalry, because Miss Rayner herself was that odious thing—an old maid—a real old maid past thirty-six, who of course would be only too glad to have Maggie bring gay young company to her elegant, lonely house, unless, indeed, her mature, perhaps withered charms, would appear to very ill advantage beside Maggie's bloom.

So, armed for the conquest, Maggie went to the city, as pretty, as fair, as girlish, in her traveling costume of silver gray, as she could make herself, and feeling brimful of a pleasurable excitement as she leaned back in the elegant little chocolate-lined coupe her aunt had sent to the depot to meet her, and whose coachman in livery had touched his hat to her with as much respect as though she had been a princess, and inquired if "this was Miss Marguerite Rayner?"

Miss Marguerite Rayner, with the accent on the last syllable so decidedly that Maggie was in a state of delectation, and mentally vowed that no one should ever call her "Margret," as they did at home again.

At the door of a magnificent brown stone front, that seemed to her an array of plate-glass and lace and hot-house flowers, another servant admitted her, and led the way up the velvet-covered stairs to her aunt's boudoir, and then Maggie saw, to her surprise, that although Miss Rayner was undoubtedly a score of years her senior, she was still the handsomest, most stylish lady she had ever seen as she came forward and greeted the girl.

"So this is little Marguerite, little Daisy Rayner! My darling, I am very glad to see you. You are a veritable little fresh flower—a little daisy, and I shall call you so, my IP!" And alone in the gorgeous little room assigned to her, sly Maggie sighed and wondered how in the world it could be that an old maid could be so elegant and low-voiced, and gracious-mannered.

But while she was changing her traveling-dress for a blue silk dinner-dress, and having the French maid rearrange her long golden hair, and listening to the oily, fulsome compliments on it, and her beauty generally, Maggie recovered her spirits, and registered anew her vow to create a sensation, and went down to dinner quite satisfied that no matter now elegant and self-possessed and rich her aunt was, she was an old maid after all, while she herself was a young, new beauty of seventeen.

It was a perfect little gem of a house, furnished almost regardless of expense from attic to basement.

There was a white-curtled, delightful old lady, whom Miss Rayner introduced as, "Mrs. Jeffreys, my dear friend and companion;" there were the trained servants in the Rayner livery, there was the crest of the family on everything—everything was grand and augured well for the success Maggie intended, for the appearance on the scene of lovers by the dozen, and the one imperial prince who should raise her to an equal height, socially, with aunt Margaret.

There were matinees, and drives, and promenades, and shopping tours, all as Maggie had expected. There were visitors to whom she was introduced, young gentlemen who glanced admiringly at her pearly cheeks and blue eyes, who talked to her awhile, and then, somehow, somebody else took their places.

There were receptions and dances, where she had partners, and where another girl would have had a grand good time, but the wonderful sensation was not created, somehow, for all her charming toilets, and faultless coiffures, and Miss Rayner's gracious patronage.

Until— It was a red-letter day to Maggie, that lovely Saturday afternoon when the very handsomest, the most elegant gentleman she had ever seen, or even imagined, came up to her and her aunt as they were getting in their carriage at Central Park, after a brisk little walk in the cold, clear air.

Not a young man, but so much more splendid than a young man ever could have been, and who had evidently joined their little party for the express purpose of introduction to her—she knew that, because he and Aunt Margaret had exchanged a few words she had not caught, and then her aunt smilingly presented her.

"This is Mr. Alberton, Daisy, dear, a very great friend of mine. Mr. Alberton, my niece, Miss Rayner."

He looked at her so admiringly, and he had such magnificent dark eyes, and such an easy, languid grace, and such a heavy, drooping black mustache, and Maggie decided at once that the conquering and to-be-conquered prince had come, that his admiring glance meant love at first sight, and that "his rest" whatever that was, was simply a question of time.

It was a delightful drive home, with Mr. Winfield Alberton devoting himself to her in his elegant way, and being so deeply interested, and treating aunt Margaret so nicely, for all Maggie knew he would have preferred a *tele-a-tete* drive.

Arrived at home, Miss Rayner invited him to dinner, and Maggie knew by the eager way he accepted that her hero had come, and had fallen in love with her exactly as they did in her favorite novels.

She changed her dress for her blue silk when they came home—her favorite dress—because she knew how charmingly it harmonized with her fair, pearly complexion and sapphire blue eyes, and fluffy golden hair, and if ever triumph swelled a woman's heart, it swelled Maggie Rayner's that evening, as, coming down the hall, past the library door, she heard Mr. Alberton say to Aunt Margaret, evidently in reply to a question:

"Pretty? She is as pretty as a picture, and as sweet as a rose, although not so."

"Not so" what Maggie did not hear, or know, or care; she had heard enough to intoxicate her and send a glow and a sparkle to her blue eyes for all that lovely evening, and to make her cheeks flush, and her mouth dimple in smiles of perfect satisfaction—satisfaction that was so judicious and exuberant, and it boiled over in shape of a long, cross-lined letter to her less fortunate sister at home, wherein she detailed the particulars of her conquest, enlarging upon the splendid presence of her knight, the wealth aunt Margaret had told her he possessed, and the general attractive desirableness of it altogether.

"He has invited me to go to see 'Pique,' Am', and of course he had to ask aunt Margaret, too, and if you could only have seen how promptly she accepted his invitation—well, poor thing, she's an old maid and glad to have such a handsome gentleman for an escort, even if he does go with me. Oh, Amy, I only wish you could see him; you wouldn't blame me for having fallen in love with him, and it shall be my fault if I don't send you glorious news of my engagement soon." Mrs. Winfield Alberton—*isn't it sweet!* And he's worth at least two hundred thousand dollars. Oh, Amy, won't it be grand! And you shall be first bridesmaid, in pink and white—you know you look so well in pink—"

And Amy wrote back by return mail, in a semi-ecstatic, semi-jealous condition, to know all the particulars, and dwelling on the fact that she had taken the pains to drop a hint to Will Fantham, Maggie's old-time admirer.

And Maggie answered promptly telling Amy how amusing it was to see how aunt Margaret behaved—giving them no chance to be alone together, and actually seeming to think, in her ignorance, that Mr. Alberton enjoyed her society as much as Maggie's own.

"She really is quite foolish about it sometimes," Maggie wrote, "and never seems to remember she was young herself once. Poor thing, I suppose it does make her feel uncomfortable when she realizes that she is an old maid and I a young girl. But I know how to manage it, and I'll give my knight an opportunity before I come home."

She was as good as her word, and although several weeks passed away with the daily hope that Mr. Alberton would himself make an opportunity, she did not despair because he did not, but rather imagined herself a martyr in love's cause, and alternately pitied and blamed her deluded aunt who could not, or would not, leave the way open for the exclusive attentions she was so sure her lover wanted, and vainly tried, to pay.

It was one bright, cold afternoon, and Maggie certainly was looking as pretty as she could wish in her black cashmere street suit and jaunty cloth sacque and coquettish little felt hat, and she thought, as she walked up Fourteenth street, what a splendid thing it would be if only she might accidentally meet Mr. Alberton—and then, she resolved that she would meet him, for she knew the hour he usually left his office and where his office was.

So, when Mr. Winfield Alberton came out of his door, looking so handsome in his overcoat and seal-skin cap, with his gloves and cane, he was both surprised and pleased to see Maggie, who after being almost transfixed with astonishment at the accidental meeting walked along

beside him, laughing and chatting in her most agreeable manner, and flushing and sparkling under his admiring glances.

Then, it occurred to her that there was her grand chance, here the fate-favored opportunity in which to show Mr. Alberton that despite aunt Margaret's stupid surveillance she—Maggie—had not been slow in learning that she was loved.

She raised her pretty, sparkling face to his as they walked cozily along through Union Square.

"I am so glad I happened to meet you; it is so pleasant to have an occasional *tele-a-tete* chat, isn't it?"

Mr. Alberton looked at her eager, pretty face, and smiled, and assured her it was very pleasant.

"Not that I don't think all the world of aunt Margaret, you know, but then she has such a funny way—all old maids do, I suppose, and—"

Mr. Alberton looked surprised.

"I am afraid I don't quite understand your meaning, Daisy; but you don't call Miss Rayner an old maid, do you?"

"Why, don't you? Of course it is perfectly lovely in you to be such good friends with her, but really, once in a while, I think it wouldn't hurt her to give us a chance by ourselves, and—"

This time Mr. Alberton looked both surprised and indignant.

"I really am at a loss to know what you mean. I certainly think your aunt has been remarkably kind and hospitable to you, and that you should not repay her by any such imputation. She is a most lovely, charming woman, and you certainly cannot have heard she has promised to be my wife quite soon?"

Maggie gave a little gasp of amazement.

"What—*aunt Margaret?*"

He smiled as he read her very thoughts.

"Yes, *aunt Margaret*. We have been betrothed a year or more, and she naturally asked me to do to what I could to make you enjoy yourself while with her, and I hope I have. We will both forget this silly little episode, and when you get as old as your auntie, Daisy, you will laugh to think of it, and wonder as I do now, how you ever came to think that I—that I was in—"

He flushed a trifle, then became very grave, and they went in at Miss Rayner's front door, and Maggie flew off to her room to cry with rage and shame until she gave herself such a headache that it was a good excuse to go home the next day.

Mr. Winfield Alberton was a thorough gentleman and kept his own counsel, so that no one ever was the wiser for Maggie's foolishness and vanity, but it was years before she ever found courage to visit the happily married pair, and although she was not able to laugh over her silly indiscretion, as her uncle-aunt had prophesied, the results of its discipline were charmingly apparent in her lovely culture and refinement and modesty.

Beat Time's Notes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRITOR. Yes, there are two sides to every question; you have one side of yours and that is the wrong side.

JOHN. A man with a troubled conscience will not sleep well. Blessed is the man who hasn't any at all.

SCIENCE. Newton first discovered that an apple would fall to the ground if it let go of the limb. No one knew it before.

NEATNESS. Perhaps the best method to clean your teeth is to take a mouthful of soft-soap and a handful of sand and scrub with a house broom.

SHAVEN. The barber certainly is a man of very keen edges, somewhat cutting, and besides is a strapping fellow. He is without a doubt the combing man.

MADAM. You can remove ink stains from your carpet on a wheelbarrow after you once get them loose; this will tax your ingenuity if they go through and clinch.

POETICS. Have read your poem. You may have been born a poet, but you got well of it as you grew up. Such effusions are invaluable; be careful how you effuse.

SOLOMON. You are right; money is the root of all evil; it is trash, and only brings sorrow on mankind. If you have any on hand send it to me—I could stand a little more sorrow and affliction.

BOB. Yes. The next day after Donaldson was lost Barnum sent up another balloon to search for him; they thought he had got stuck fast somewhere up there, but they didn't even find a note from him.

BILL wants to get married, but can't find any one that will have him, and wants to know what to do. Take my advice and don't marry until you do find a girl who will have you. I don't think much of a man who does.

ACHER. The best thing to do for tight boots is to set them away in a dry place and let them remain there. Giving them to some poor fellow is also good. A good thing for tight boots, perhaps, would be little feet.

FASHION. Bonnets will be made this year low in the heel and high in the instep, trimmed with a hatched and tied with a grapevine. As every lady will have one before anybody else gets one, the sales will be immense; the price will amount to nothing—when a woman wants one bad.

OLD CHIPS. You and your wife have not spoken together for sixteen years. Well, that's nothing unusual; you do not know what fuses you have escaped. Many married couples have suffered more. Be quiet; in the course of twenty or thirty years more she may ask you how you feel.

BUD. Yes, your writing is remarkable; the tall letters look like they had been in a wind-storm and got blown over; the small letters look like they had been mashed by the long letters falling on them, and your spelling reflects great credit on you, but not so much on Webster. About the only books you ought to keep are a copy-book and spelling-book.

CHEEKY. There is in this city an establishment for the education of book-agents. You first are put through a course of slamming the door in your face, with your fingers and nose occasionally pinched. Then you will be tried to see how long you can stand the abuse of an irate female. The next lesson will be a bucketful of cold water and then some painful of hot water. You will afterward be put through the course of being kicked down stairs, and if after that you can march up to the next door smiling, you will receive your diploma.

BEAT TIME.